

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1864.

Victory.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"Another great Union victory!" said Frank, exultingly, as he came into the sitting-room one evening, after his return from the village post-office, and took a vacant chair among the group gathered about the centre-table.

"Glorious!" cried a chorus of voices.

"A splendid achievement. Let me read you the particulars," Frank continued, with animation, drawing a copy of the *Journal* from his pocket, and leading off with a brilliantly headed article, wherein the advantages gained in one of those "most gallant and daring exploits of the war," of which we have had so many, were duly set forth.

It was a fine, spirited sketch of the battle of Chattanooga, and we listened with breathless attention, following the rapid movements of our gallant troops as they advanced to storm the enemy's strong entrenchments, hearing in imagination the fierce rattle of musketry far up the slopes of Mount Lookout in General Hooker's famous "battle above the clouds," our work falling from our hands, our hearts standing still as we watched the brave men charging madly up the dangerous heights of Mission Ridge, their cheers mingling with the roar of rebel guns, the shrieking of rebel shells, and the sharp, death-click from the rebel rifle pits—a wild, stirring, turbulent scene; but the keynote of the whole was "victory! victory!" and every face shone with triumph, every voice cried jubilantly, "Well done!" when the recital was ended.

All but one. Cousin Mabel, her fingers busily

employed in the fashioning of some hospital garment, had listened with paling face to the thrilling account, her head drooping lower and lower, until at last it rested on her hands, which, still holding their unfinished work had fallen nervelessly upon the table beside her.

Frank, looking up from his paper with blazing eyes, eagerly searching the faces of his listeners for token of sympathy and appreciation, quickly noticed her attitude and silence, and reaching forth his hand laid it lightly upon her bowed head, saying gayly—

"What! not a single word of praise or thanksgiving for this glorious success of our troops, dear Mabel?"

She lifted her sweet, earnest face, wet with tears, looking like a pure white lily, dashed with summer rain.

"As I love the Union cause and hope for its ultimate triumph, I do rejoice in this signal success of our arms," she said, fervently.

"But your attitude just now was one of deep dejection, I thought, and there are tears upon your cheek, Mabel."

"They come of mingled pity and thankfulness, I think," she answered, wiping them away, and resuming her work.

"Of pity?" Frank asked vaguely, as if he scarcely understood her meaning.

"What sorrow, anguish and suffering thrills in that one word—victory. How many wretched, aching hearts, that have contributed their earthly all to this triumph, cry out to-night against the nation's exultation and rejoicing!" she said, tremulously.

"Ah! true. God help them! But no permanent good was ever attained, you know,

without some present loss and momentary suffering. Let the afflicted gather courage and strength from this thought, and guess at the infinity of their eternal blessings by the multiplicity of their temporal ills."

"It is easy to say such words—very easy for us who sit here untouched by loss and unscathed by the murderous fire whose burning breath swept hundreds of miles from Chattanooga, and whose blasting influence is felt in many a northern home. Truly, if we could keep our eyes fixed always on eternal issues, sorrow could not touch us more than it does the immortals. But we have hearts of flesh, that fail with fear and smart with anguish as we walk the fiery furnace, and the sublimest reasonings cannot make us quite forget our pains."

"If you make such comments on a victory gained at a comparatively small cost, what shall be said for the defeats which have unreasonably occurred to our armies from time to time since the beginning of this contest?"

"The true soul recognizes no defeat to a cause founded in justice and right. Immediate results may not always be such as are anticipated and desired, but ultimate victory must reward the courageous champions of truth."

"Still," returned Frank, "there is something wonderfully depressing to the spirits when—to use your words—'immediate results' prove not 'such as are anticipated and desired.' The good soldier, who in the hour of peril strains every nerve in his faithful performance of duty, feels somehow wronged and defrauded of his rights if the day is not won. I confess to a thrill of pain and regret even now, when I think that my good right arm was lost in that unhappy action before Fredericksburg—that its last service did not perceptibly benefit the cause I so dearly loved. I believe we all felt the same, we maimed and wretched fellows who were gathered out of that awful wreck of human life. We lay in heavy swaths, where the guns of the rebels had cut us down in the earlier part of the action, hearing all around us the mad confusion of battle, but unable to tell who were the winners in the combat, as friend and foe rushed over us, one and another prostrate sufferer lifted his dying head, and called faintly—'Comrades, how goes the day?' and sank away into eternity, never knowing which way the tide of battle turned. Others, and I among them, lost for a time the sense of bodily anguish and mental anxiety in blessed unconsciousness, and it was not till days after in the crowded hos-

pitals, that we learned the disastrous results of that ill-sustained movement upon the enemy. Many a brave fellow turned his face to the wall and groaned heavily when he heard the truth. Some even wept. It crushed all the manhood out of us, that disheartening account of our unavailing losses, and we had no patience with our pains, no strength or fortitude to bear them, feeling as we did, that our wounds were brands of cowardice and disgrace rather than marks of honor and distinction."

"Suffering had made you morbid," Mabel said, laying her hand reverently upon his empty sleeve, the sight of which always sent a pang to our hearts. "It doesn't matter whether you gave your arm at Fredericksburg or at this brave Chattanooga fight, we know that its last blow was dealt for the right."

"But I could have borne the loss with better grace at Antietam or South Mountain," he replied, his eye flashing at the remembrance. "It is glorious to ride upon the storm of battle, to throw yourself fearlessly into the heart of danger—to plunge recklessly into the thickest of the fray, shouting defiance in the very teeth of death—to meet the shock of the adversary with a thrill of pleasure and exultation—to feel in yourself the might of a conquering host—to see the opposing columns steadily giving way before your resolute and determined strokes—to bear along the Union lines the shout of 'victory!' sounding high above the unearthly din, as the beaten and discomfited rebels swarm out of their fastnesses and seek safety in flight, the breath of the pursuer hot upon their cheeks, conqueror and conquered rushing madly on over the mangled bodies of the slain—for no one ever pauses to think of the dead or the dying in the frenzied excitement of the battle-hour. Do you remember," he added, after a pause, in which none of his soft-hearted listeners responded to his battle raptures—"do you remember the picture Massey draws of the Russian attack at Inkerman?"—

"All hell seemed bursting on us as the yelling legions came—
The cannon's tongue of quick, red fire, lick'd all the hills a-flame!

Mad, whistling shell, wild, sneering shot, with devilish glee went past,
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the battle-blast.

And through the air and round the hills there ran a wrack sublime
As though the Eternal's Ark were crashing on the shores of Time.

On bayonets and swords the smile of conscious victory shone,
As down to death we dash'd the Rebels plucking at our Throne.
On, on they came with face of flame and storm of shot and shell,
Up, up like Heaven-scalars, and we hurled them back to hell."

"If I am not mistaken," Mabel said, "your poet gives another and a sadder picture in the closing lines of 'Inkerman.' Read them, Helen."

"We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and gray,
And thought of those who rank'd with us in battle's rich array,
Our comrades of the morn who came no more from that fell fray!
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far away,
The eyes of lurking death that in life's crimson bubbles play,
The stern white faces of the dead that on the dark ground lay
Like statues of old heroes cut in precious human clay,
Some with a smile as life had stopped to music proudly gay,
The household gods of many a heart all dark and dumb to-day!
And hard, hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank down to pray."

"Ah," Frank said with a sigh, "that is after the fire of enthusiasm burns out, and dispossessed of the spirit of vengeance, we stand bleak and desolate enough against the hard, cruel realities of war, feeling to the core the vanity of earthly greatness, the littleness of human glory. Many a sad after-battle scene your fancy has painted, no doubt, but none, I think, whose sombre coloring could quite equal the actual. To the full I have realized the suffering that comes of this bloody strife, as, laying back the dead body of some beloved comrade whose last moments it had been my office to soothe, I have turned to the sorrowful task of breaking the intelligence of his death and of transmitting his farewell messages to the waiting friends at home, conscious of the terrible blow I was dealing, yet knowing not how to console them, saving simply to call to their remembrance the goodness of God and the righteousness of the cause in which their dear one perished."

"But our enemies have neither the blessing of God nor the justice of their cause to urge in consolation of their afflicted," observed dear mother, laying down her netting and removing her spectacles to wipe away the mist of tears that had gathered on their polished surface.

"Ah, no!" responded Mabel—"wretched, misguided ones—God pity them!"

"God curse them—the traitors!" cried Frank, hotly, his face darkening with passion. "God curse them—they murdered Harry Hartly—my Harry and yours."

"Oh, Frank!" murmured Lily and Helen faintly.

Mabel's cheeks were white as the muslin in which her bright, shining needle had suddenly paused at mention of that name. I do not think it had been spoken in her presence for two years before that night. She was one who could never bear to hear her dead named. Frank, hot-headed but true-hearted Frank, though loving his cousin dearly, had forgotten her extreme sensitiveness in his momentary excitement. Away back in the first autumn of the war Mabel tasted the bitterness of a cup which has since been pressed to more lips than you or I can number. We had rumors but no detailed account of the battle of Ball's Bluff, when a dispatch from Frank announced Harry as one of the victims of that horrible massacre (one can hardly call it by a milder name). Mabel was laughing and jesting gayly when the message was placed in her hands. She opened it with a smile upon her lips, no suspicion of the truth seeming to enter her mind. I shall never forget the awful look that settled on her face as she read and re-read the fatal words. Startled by her rigid, deathly appearance, we sprang forwards, crying—"Mabel, what is it, dear? What ails you, Mabel Clare?" She threw her hands up to her forehead, and struggled to her feet.

"Wake me," she said, in a strange, scared voice. "For the love of God, wake me from this horrible dream," and fell senseless in our arms.

Mother picked up the paper which fluttered from her clasp, and so we learned the truth.

Dear Mabel! I do not love to give my pen to the memory of such days as followed. But our darling girl was of too strong and buoyant a nature to sink without resistance under this heavy affliction, and after a little she, with persevering effort, put away all outward signs of mourning, and resumed her accustomed duties, cheerful and serene, though with none of her old lightness and gayety of manner.

"Do not be troubled for me, dear friends," she had said, answering our anxious looks with a sad smile; "I am only one of a thousand. Surely, I can endure suffering as well as others. But oh!" she added, with whitened

ing lips, "please never speak his name to me—I cannot bear it!"

And ever after we had faithfully guarded against all reference to Harry, or to the wretched time succeeding the news of his death.

Frank, seeing the effect of his hasty words, left his chair and came round to where Mabel sat, with something of that old, never-to-be-forgotten look upon her face.

"Oh, darling," he said, taking her trembling hands, "let me name his name. He was the brother of my soul—only a little less dear to me than to you. Often my heart aches to speak to you of him when I see you sitting so white and still, and know whither your thoughts are straying. I believe you would suffer less if you would talk with me freely of him whom we both loved."

"Harry," she said, struggling for composure, "Harry never would have wished you to cry God's curse upon his enemies."

"I know it," Frank replied. "Harry was a Christian, and would have said with his Master, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But I never can recall the aggravating circumstances of his death—stricken down as he was without an opportunity for self-defence—and not feel a thirst for vengeance upon his assassins firing my soul."

"Remember to whom vengeance belongs. It seems to me that we should bring no feeling of personal hate and rancor into this strife."

"How can we do otherwise?" Frank asked. "All that is good and noble in me cries out against the enormous wickedness of these infernal plotters—these infamous destroyers of our country's peace. If there was a grain of truth or a single particle of reason in their plea, one might look with some toleration upon their deeds, but as it is—"

"As it is," took up Mabel, "we must regard them with the utmost pity in view of the awful retribution that awaits them, and whereof we, in some measure, are made God's instruments. We are contending for the principles of justice, self-government, equal rights; let us give a true interpretation of those principles to our opponents by an honorable and equitable course of action, not casting obloquy upon our cause by an unlawful exercise of power—a spiteful retaliation upon their atrocities, or an unseemly exultation in their suffering. We can be just, yet pitiful; firm, yet forgiving; conquerors, yet not boastful."

"I'm afraid the common soldiery will never come up to your standard," Frank said.

"Suppose now the murderer of our dear boy, Hal, were in our power? What would you do? I would send a bullet in search of his heart!"

"And I would pray that your bullet might so far fail in its errand as to give the offender time to repent of his errors and make his peace with God, and I would faithfully nurse his life to that end. His penitence would slake my thirst for vengeance—his blood never could," was Mabel's answer.

Speaking Through Tears.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Old Mr. Malcom was a stern, serious man. Almost from the beginning, life had gone roughly with him. The young human plant had not grown up in a hot-house, carefully sheltered and tenderly nurtured; but out on a bleak hillside, where the rough winds compacted every fibre of its nature, and twisted it into unhandsome shapes—where the hot suns dried up its moisture and stunted its growth. But the roots struck down deeply and took firm hold. There was strength, and toughness, and tenacity; though neither beauty nor grace.

With no heart to love him, and no hand to guide him into safe paths, Mr. Malcom went astray in the first years of early manhood—he went very far astray, debasing and degrading himself. A rough, hard, strong-willed young man, he brooked no remonstrances or reproofs; and if force of any kind were brought against him, he fought his way through with a fierce strength that made him a dangerous antagonist.

A new circuit preacher came into the neighborhood where he lived, when he was about twenty-five years of age, and held meetings in the school-house—a man of more than usual earnestness, who had great power in speaking. Considerable interest in spiritual things was awakened. Malcom heard him talked about, and, as was usual with him, when religion or ministers was the theme, answered scoffingly. Some of his acquaintances tried to get him to the school-house on Sunday to hear the new preacher; but he preferred the tippling shop and vicious companions.

One day, while the preacher still lingered in this part of his circuit, Malcom met him in

the road. They were alone. The preacher had heard of Malcom, and Malcom had heard of the preacher—both men being noted in their way. The preacher stopped, with his mild, calm eyes fixed on Malcom's face. Malcom scowled and moved on.

"My brother," said the preacher, kindly, and held out his hand.

"Don't brother me, you sanctimonious old hypocrite!" exclaimed Malcom, facing round and confronting the preacher. He looked fierce and threatening.

"We are all the children of one Father," answered the preacher, in a low, calm voice, still holding out his hand.

In his blind passion, Malcom struck the preacher's hand, accompanying the act of violence with an oath of such deep profanity that the preacher shuddered and turned pale. He was a true servant of his Divine Master—of Him who, while on earth, went about doing good. The blow did not hurt him half so much as the evidence it gave of the man's fearful depravity. He did not feel it as aimed at himself, but at the Lord whose minister he was.

The preacher stood still, with his clear, penetrating eye resting on the man. A tender sorrow veiled his face.

"You have hurt me here, my friend," he said, gently, but not weakly or timidly, laying his hand against his breast. "My hand does not feel the blow you gave; but my heart is aching. I was solicitous for your good—I held out my hand, and said, 'Brother!'—I wanted to win you back to our Father's house, that you might dwell therein forever, good and happy. But, you struck at and reviled me."

The good man's eyes were dim—his voice was low and tender—he was speaking through tears. When a man thus speaks, his words have power. Malcom's whole aspect changed in an instant. The demon went out of his heart; and a mild, repentant spirit looked through his eyes.

"My brother!" said the preacher, again extending his hand. Malcom now accepted the proffered grasp of good will. "My brother! son of our common father in heaven!" added the preacher, still speaking through tears, "why should we stand apart? What is it that comes between us?—Evil or good?"

"Evil, and not good," replied Malcom, in a voice so changed that it sounded new in his own ears.

"Put it away, and come over upon our side," said the preacher. There was a thrill-

ing appeal in his tones. "You are a strong man, and we want you. God wants you; and He is calling you now through His servant. He has work for you to do; and all who do His work have a precious reward."

The two men sat down by the roadside, and talked long together; then, going into the woods, where human eyes might not see them, they knelt, and the preacher besought God's mercy and forgiveness for His long-erring but now repentant son.

From that time, Malcom's feet walked in another way. He left the paths of vice and sin, and became an active member of the church. The change was remarkable. In a single hour, his whole external life took on a new form. The tippler was no longer seen in dram shops; the scoffer at religion turned his steps to the house of prayer; the man of violence placed bit and curb on his cruel passions. In all matters of religion he was zealous. Strong-willed and persistent of character—tough and enduring—he naturally became a leader among his brethren. There was no softness about him. His natural temperament remained. The forms of life, twisted, compacted, stunted in growth by the rough storms and hot suns of his early winters and summers, were not changed; but new purposes impelled him in a new direction. He was a better man and a better citizen. He was working to higher ends; but he found it easier to work on the material outside than inside of himself. He could change the aspect of things around him far more readily than he could change his natural inclination—his habits of feeling; the states of mind which had become parts of his life as it were. With him the new order of things did not progress far beyond the reformation of his external; that regeneration, which proceeds, by gradual advances, deeper and deeper down to the very thoughts and purpose of the heart, changing the inner form to one of heavenly order and beauty, was something too interior for his experience—too interior, perhaps, for his comprehension. As he saw, he walked, and walked in the narrow way leading to life eternal.

Malcom never looked back, and never turned back. From the day he made a profession and joined the church, he was an active member, and always to be counted on. In a year, he married an excellent young woman, also a member of the church. He established himself in business, and, through industry and attention thereto, prospered. At the age of thirty, he was made a class leader. Having

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the gift of language, united with much fervor of spirit, he was acceptable in this position. His class was always full; and the members thereof often spoke of the "precious seasons" they had together.

So the years went on. Mr. Malcom had children; human souls, whose lives coming through his life, took therefrom hereditary inclinations, and a form of life answering to his own. In the degree that regeneration had not proceeded inwardly with him, did they inherit perverse impulses. They were not what we call good children—gentle, obedient, loving. But active, self-willed, and prone to step aside into forbidden ways. They were constantly disturbing the unregenerate things of their father's mind, and so making him blind and impatient. Action and reaction between them were not often in reciprocal harmony, but almost always inadequate or antagonistic. The oldest son was an especial trial to his father. He resembled him strongly both as to personal appearance and disposition.

Mr. Malcom was not skilled in the law of love; and, therefore, his government with his children was based on the law of force. He tried to bend the cold iron by main strength, at the risk of snapping its tough, resisting fibres, instead of softening it by the heat of love, and then fashioning its impressible substance with gentler touches. What followed? If the iron did not break, it got ugly twists, or bent too far, taking always unhandsoner shapes with every effort of his blind strength.

So the contest went on between him and his oldest boy John, even from childhood to early manhood—between the cold, resisting iron and the strong hand.

"I will break his will if I break his heart!" Over and over again did Mr. Malcom come up to the fruitless work of reducing his son to obedience with this stern sentence on his lips. Punishment had been repeated so often, and with such increasing severity, that it had become cruelty. And yet, there was no good result. The boy's character grew more and more unlovely, just as a piece of cold iron that is wrenched this way and that, and beat upon with passionate force, in the vain hope of compelling it to take a form of use or beauty.

As John approached manhood, under this stern discipline, growing harder and stronger and more self-willed, there began to appear signs of resistance. Mr. Malcom was startled and distressed. A painful sense of anxiety held back the angry impulses that struggled in his heart. A depressing weakness came over

him. He had often prayed for his son; but never in the broken voice that now marked his petitions. If he had prayed for himself it would have been better—for a softer heart towards his child—for a spirit of tenderness and forgiveness—for love in the place of anger. The hindrances were with himself. He must overcome before he could overcome. But he did not see this.

John's twenty-first birthday came. On this day the boy had long looked with a restless impatience that had its groundwork in a sense of filial duty. While under age, he owed submission; and however hard it was to yield under his father's cold and exacting discipline, he felt himself bound to the general law of obedience. But now he stood, in thought, absolved from the requirements of this law. He was a man, and answerable only to himself. So he thought, and he was in earnest. He had been long enough wrenched and beaten upon. That kind of discipline must cease.

There was a race-course in the neighborhood, and a purse was to be run for on John's birthday. Races were held there three or four times in the year, and John was often present on these occasions, though at the risk of punishment if the fact became known to his father, whose interdiction was positive. It was his intention to go on this day openly. To go as a man who had a right to determine his own actions. If it made issue with his father, his father would have to give way. Parental dictation was at an end.

Mr. Malcom had left the breakfast-table, and was passing through the door, when he heard his wife say, in a tone of surprised remonstrance—

"Oh no, no, John!"

"Yes, mother, I am going!" was answered.

"Going where?" asked Mr. Malcom, turning back.

No one answered. He looked at his wife and he looked at John. Her face was troubled, his resolved.

"Where are you going, sir?" demanded the father, his brows gathering sternly.

"To the races," said the young man, calmly.

"What!" The frown deepened. The voice was a quick throb of anger.

"I am going to the races."

"No you are not! I lay my commands on you!"

John had a piece of thread in his hand. He held it up towards his father and snapped it in twain, saying—

"So I shall break them. I am of age today!"

The blood went out of Mr. Malcom's face; a sudden weakness fell upon him; he caught at the back of a chair, and stood with failing knees that pressed against each other. Anger died within him, giving place to a fear that trenched on despair. What hope for his son now? His wilful, wayward, disobedient son! His first born, who for twenty-one years had lain as a heavy burden on his heart. For whom he had wrestled with God in prayer so many hundreds and hundreds of times! His first born, now in the earliest flush of manhood, casting off obedience, and entering defiantly the ways that take hold on death and hell!

"Oh John, John!" he said, with a quiver in his voice, looking with tender reproach upon the young man, "that I should have lived to see this day! Only God knows all I have suffered for you—all the care, and anxiety, and dread, that have weighed down my soul for these many, many years. I have prayed that you might be shapen into a goodly stone for His temple, and not be cast out as a brand for the burning. I have tried to do a father's duty. Perhaps I have erred. He knows. But I meant right."

His voice fell to a sob. His eyes were wet. He stood, holding on to the chair, trembling and weak. Almost for the first time in his life he had spoken to this son through tears—with an appeal instead of a command.

The pieces of broken thread dropped from John's fingers. He rose to his feet, and going close to his father, caught his hand and said, with a gush of feeling—

"Forgive me! I was angry! But I won't go!"

Mr. Malcom's face sunk down upon his son's shoulder. Sobs shook his frame as if he were but a child. He was all broken up.

"If I have gained you, my son," he said, after a time, lifting his face that seemed lighted with sunbeams, "I shall be the happiest man in all this region. Oh, John! My boy! My child of a thousand prayers!"—still speaking through tears, and therefore with irresistible power—"Come and go with me! Let us walk side by side in the narrow way."

"Side by side, father, if you will," answered John, and now he spoke also through tears. "But you must be patient with me, and forbearing."

"I will be patient, John." And Mr. Mal-

com caught both hands of his son, and held them tightly. A great light was flooding his mind. He was beginning to understand something of the law of love—to comprehend its wonderful power. "Yes," he added, "I will be very patient with you, my son. I see it now. I have not been as patient a father in times past as I should have been. God bless you, and keep you from evil!"

The father laid his hands on his son's head; and as they stood thus, an angel bound their hearts together with chords of love that never were rent asunder.

Speak Gently.

BY JOSEPHINE ROBBINS.

"Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

"Speak gently—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

Speak gently to the sorrowing. God alone knows how the magic of kind words will often exorcise half the bitterness of a secret agony, or how the flowers of hope, crushed by some pitiless grief, will revive under its soothing influence.

Then let us speak gently to each other, for who may know that his brother is not under the shadow of some great sorrow.

Speak gently to the poor. Embitter not the scanty crust of toil with blinding tears. Call not the flush of humiliation to sunburnt brows, for they have enough to bear in their cheerless, struggling life.

Speak gently to the erring. Pierce not the heart, already tortured by remorse, with unkind words, for we know not how the tempter came. Perhaps in a form of light and beauty, with a voice sweeter than a siren's song, which wooed, entranced, and bound by a spell hard to be broken. We do not know but we too might have fallen, had we thus been tempted. Perchance we have felt the enervating, deadly spell and poisonous breath of the tempter, but had strength to turn ere it was too late.

By all that we suffered in that trying hour; by the lingering misery of days, months, and years; by all the haunting memories that are still ours; let us deal kindly with those who have erred, and not forget that if we would reclaim them from the wrong, and turn them to the right, we must speak gently.

The New Spectacles.

BY CLARKE WILDFELLOW.

One sultry afternoon in midsummer, I took the cars for B—, a country town some fifty or sixty miles from the city in which I resided. I wanted to escape from the sights, sounds and smells of the great metropolis, to some cool, shady retreat, where no traces of man's restlessness, ambition or vanity could be seen. I was tired and cross. Everybody rubbed me down the *wrong* way. I had been overtaxed, and needed rest; and in a state of mind not to be envied I entered the cars, and appropriated the only vacant seat, at the same time appointing myself a committee on ways and means to keep it. I wanted the space usually allotted to two persons; I intended to have it, and I was in no mood to conceal my wishes or designs. I did not care who saw me *wrong side out*, that day, while I sat there waiting for the train to start. There were the two long rows of seats, each one occupied by two persons. There were old and young, brown and fair, tall and short, and fat and lean, on exhibition in the car; all colors, classes and conditions were represented; and it seemed as if they were determined to go in pairs once more, as in the olden time, when men and beasts, and birds and reptiles, found mates, and marched with them into the ark. There were people enough in the world yet, I thought, in spite of wars, and pestilence, and famines.

I had set out to visit in the country. I recollected one day that I had an Aunt Wiggins out there, who, as my only living relative, *might* take some interest in my welfare, and be glad to see me. I do not speak of my friendless condition because I ever had reason to regret it; on the contrary, if there is one blessing which I have appreciated above all others, and for which I have ever been truly thankful, it is that I was so fortunate as never to have had a regiment of uncles, aunts and cousins to look after me, and assist me with their advice.

I was just comfortably seated, and intending to remain so, regardless of the comfort and convenience of other people, when a man, dressed in a hunter's suit, entered, and, for the want of a place to sit, stood near me. I did not look up as high as his face; I only saw his hunter's dress, and for the wearer I cared as little as I knew. I was fully prepared to show forth the dark, selfish side of my nature, for selfish thoughts cannot fail to beget selfish

deeds. I was not interested in any one except myself just then, and I should have been more disgusted with self than with all the world beside, if I had seen that individual as others might have seen him.

The train started, while the man remained standing. It irritated me to see him there, standing so calm and self-possessed, as I knew he was, for he did not turn or fidget, and all the time it seemed as if he was looking at me in an amused and compassionate manner, very much as he would look at a cross lady bear. I learned afterwards that he had done so; that he had taken my *measure* then. When I could endure his gaze no longer, I moved along with a jerk, and motioned to him to sit down beside me. I wonder yet that he dared do so; but he took his place by my side as quietly and fearlessly as if I had been an amiable brother, instead of the fierce savage that I was. I had not deigned to look into his face all this while, but I *felt* that his atmosphere was pleasant and genial; that it was *thawing* me more than the hot sunbeams had done. No need to see his face, or hear him speak; I knew what sort of man sat by me.

The iron horse was taking us on at a rapid rate. He never tired, but seemed to go faster the longer he was driven. The farmer stopped work, and the children left their play, to look, while we were whirled past them. We passed two or three stations, stopping a few minutes at each. Some of my fellow travellers went off, and others came to take their places. It reminded me of a longer journey which we are all taking, in a huge car, that runs on life's great railway. Sometimes the road is smooth, and sometimes it is rough; sometimes the cars run off the track, and sometimes they collide with some other train; but we all hope to be set down in safety at our journey's end.

After I had compared the journey of a day with the journey of life, I began to classify the travellers. They talked and read, and frowned and smiled, and yawned and slept, unconscious of the speculations concerning them. Like the great busy world outside, was this little world in a rail car; and in both, men and women are rushing on; on, forever on, till their destination is reached. And what if one wiser, and perhaps more miserable than the rest, sits apart with a frowning brow, and a defiant, self-conscious air, to analyze the thoughts and motives that move the mass of matter around him, and to repulse all with his dark looks and moody ways. His clever calculations and sage conclusions will make

no difference with them or him; the wheels roll on, and humanity is carried along just the same. We may enjoy the ride if we will, I thought, but in order to do so we must *make our own conditions*. The best do not live half as well as they might. Within ourselves is good and evil, joy and sorrow, peace and discontent. There is enough to live for if we cannot have everything we wish. The world is full of good and beautiful objects, and we should see and enjoy them; not like peevish children, push away the things within our reach, and cry for something beyond. These reflections softened me towards mankind in general, and towards my travelling companion in particular.

At length he took a dainty lunch from his pocket, and asked if I would share it with him. I refused; but as I looked down on his extended hand, the palm of which was hidden by the cake and sandwiches which he offered me, I observed that it was aristocratically small and white—a gentleman's hand; but it looked so out of place with the owner's garb, that I had to look a second time, and then follow it home with my eyes, and then go up into the face above it. He looked as I had thought he did; and when I met his steady, earnest gaze, I knew at once that I could trust him entirely. It humiliated me to remember my impatience and incivility. But a short time before I had been unwilling to treat him with common courtesy. I ventured a few remarks about the places we were passing. He seemed as willing to converse as he had been to take the seat so grudgingly offered. I had robbed myself of much useful information by remaining so long silent, for he was observing and intelligent, as well as gentlemanly and agreeable. As many others have done, I had submitted with bad grace to an arrangement that I could not help, and found at last that it was the *best and pleasantest* that could have been made for me.

While we talked the prospect seemed to brighten; the country looked more inviting, the people more human. The sober color of the clouds which had been in my sky was relieved by streaks of light and pink. My new friend grew more entertaining. I believe the good that he had done me made him happier.

"I wish you to try a new pair of spectacles," he said at length, rather abruptly.

"Try some new spectacles!" I echoed. "Why, I do not wear spectacles. I never had occasion to use any artificial helps to my eyesight."

"Yes," he answered; "you were looking through some very peculiar glasses when I first saw you, and the 'scientific optician' who made them has humbugged you, and every other person who has been so unfortunate as to purchase his wares. You have worn them a long time—the same pair; and you will never see people or things correctly till you get some new ones. Distorted and ugly images will be before you all of the time, and lies and falsehoods will take the place of truths and realities. You understand me; you do not see clearly through these old green goggles, and you must throw them away."

"But why are you so interested in this matter?" I asked. "Why are you not offended at me for treating you so rudely at first?"

"Because," he answered, "I saw that you really were not as ferocious as you appeared. You were troubled and perplexed, but I thought your heart was in the right place all of the time. You will confess now that you see better; that all things have improved greatly since you sat here."

"Yes," I returned; "but I do not understand why you are taking so much pains with a miserable fellow like me."

"Well," he continued, "that will not seem so very strange to you when you look through *my spectacles*. You are my brother, and if you have lost your way, it is a pleasure to help you to find the right road again, if you will let me. What am I, that I should presume to censure you? What right have I to judge you, or to get angry at you? Your selfishness and ill-nature did not hurt me any; it was yourself that was made uncomfortable and ridiculous by it. I like to work for others, for then I forget myself, and my own petty trials and schemes; so you are not the only one benefited. I do not care for the company of these good-natured, self-satisfied men, who would tickle my self-esteem, expecting me to return the compliment. I should not need them, nor they me; but the case was different with you. I knew you were not very good or amiable when I came into this seat with you, but you have *felt* the power of kindness, and seen Nature looking glad and gay; and yielding to these sweet influences, you are so changed and cheerful, that you are now a very pleasant companion."

"Thank you, sir," said I. "Happy to hear that I am not quite intolerable. But what if I had continued as you found me? What if you had made me your enemy, instead of your friend?"

"Then you would have been more valuable than you will be now," said he. "My enemies are more useful than my friends. They criticize, and find fault continually; but in their ill-natured way they suggest many things that are real improvements; and I am obliged to them for it. Besides, I always know what to do with them. But for our enemies, sir, we should never know how imperfect and ridiculous we are. It does a man good to look at himself through a magnifying glass once in a while; to see every defect exaggerated. Then you are not obliged to be very polite to your enemies; for they will not expect you to tolerate them, except for humanity's sake. But it is entirely different with your friends; they will stick to you like so many burrs; and perhaps annoy you forever. One of the best men that I ever lived with, a kind, self-sacrificing friend he was, too, plagued me constantly more than I can ever tell; more than I can acknowledge to myself, without blushing; and in such an innocent, unsuspecting manner, that I felt every day that I was a heathen to be annoyed by him. I want a new clause put into the 'Prayer Book,' 'From all particular friends, Good Lord deliver us.'"

"Then I infer that I should serve you better as a foe than as a friend," I said.

"I think I should like you in either capacity," he replied. "I respect fierce animals; and your surly, moody ways were a grateful contrast to these dead calm, contented people, which I see about me. You did not control your temper, or even attempt to smother your emotions; so I thought you were not hypocritical. I like an *honest man*, if he is sharp; just as I like roses if the stems are thorny; or chestnuts if the burrs are prickly. I liked you because you tried to drive me from you; because there was something in you to resist."

Here the shrill whistle of the engine, the ringing of the bell, and the shout of the conductor interrupted us; and announced to me, that I had reached my destination. With a hasty "good-by" to the stranger, I rose, took up my carpet-bag, and was proceeding to make my exit, with all possible speed, when I perceived him close behind me.

"Stop here!" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Good! we will finish the conversation, or take another subject, and commence anew. I hope to see you often during my sojourn here."

"Of course you will. Where do you go?"

"To my aunt's, Mrs. Washington Wiggins."

"Indeed I live in her neighborhood, and we will go down together. It is two miles; a pleasant walk for us," said he. "I expect to surprise my family, for I have been absent about three months, and am returning quite unexpectedly."

He led the way, and dark enough, and dismal enough, the road before us looked in the twilight, with the thick wood on each side of it.

"I have been living a sort of savage life, since I left home," he continued; "and I am returning wonderfully improved in health and spirits. You see the machine had been running too fast; threatened to break down before it was worn out; but pure air, plenty of exercise, the freedom of the forests, and the excitement of the chase, have done more to restore me than doctors or medicine could do. I have not been trammelled by fashion and custom; or choked and cramped by congenial surroundings; while I have been caring for my animal nature. My inspiration is in my blood, as well as in the beauty and sublimity of the works which I behold. Existence is enjoyment now. I live *high*. Murmuring brooks, singing birds, sunshine and shadow, clouds and sunsets; the ocean's roar, the lightning's glare, and the tempest's fury, have made me tender and loving with their gentleness; or proud and daring with their terrors; but I find my rapture heightened by a perfect circulation, nervous vigor, and energetic muscles. Why! I can laugh heartily over the greatest trouble that I ever had in all my life; and I can spiritualize my most disagreeable tasks."

"Then you are a true philosopher; but, why did you bury yourself in this obscure town?" I inquired. "What brought you here in the first place, and what keeps you here in the last place?"

"I cannot give a very satisfactory answer to either of your questions," he replied. "The place is well enough; it does not matter much where I live. I mean to be independent of circumstances for my happiness. But my reason for living here, if I have any. My tastes and pursuits, made me prefer solitude. I wanted to *hide* somewhere; then it was a great accommodation to the man who sold me his place, to get rid of it; and lastly, though I know you will think me superstitious, I had a singular dream which decided me. I assure you, that there is here an extensive field for a home missionary. I have lived in this place ten years, surrounded by Rag, Shag,

and—that other fellow; a set of creatures who do not realize that there is any world beyond their own families and neighborhood; where, if I were dependent upon society for enjoyment, I should be perfectly miserable. My residence here has been the best discipline that I could have had; for I have learned to depend upon my own resources, and live independently. I love the country. The hum of insects, and the warbling of birds, delights my ear; and the tender buds and brilliant blossoms please my eye. I love to watch the silent changes that go on in the natural world, and reflect on the corresponding changes that are taking place in the spiritual life. From the time that the young year adorns himself in robes of beauty, till the fading flowers and falling leaves admonish us that he is in a decline, I revel in sunlight and gladness. And when decay and death fastens upon these treasures of the bright spring and glorious summer-time, I wonder why they bloom to fade; and why our hopes are phantoms; why love's pale, sweet roses must wither; and why blights and disappointments fall upon our hearts, and waste our spirits till naught is left but the ashes of youth's brightest dreams. Every thing I see tells me that there is a change awaiting me, and bids me prepare for it, even as the leaves and flowers are preparing; for I, like them, shall surely die; but not like them return to this life again, when spring, with its many sweet voices, shall call to me."

"Yes," I answered; "there is more than we can comprehend in all these mysteries of life and death. 'We have eyes, but we see I not.' I envy you your leisure and retirement. Unremitting toil and care is unfavorable to thought and reflection."

"True," he resumed; "and for that reason I have a constitutional aversion to mere drudgery. There are men who are glad to dig ditches and canals, and plow and plant, and reap and sow, for gold. And there are women who are willing to wash, and scrub, and bake, and iron, for money; and while it is necessary that such things should be done, I prefer to leave these exhausting labors to people who have strength to work, and who have no aspirations which make constant employment irksome. And if I take care to respect their rights, remunerate their toil, and encourage their efforts to improve, I am their benefactor when I use their hands to perform my labor. If three-fourths of the men and women in the world are in a state of spiritual babyhood yet, they are needed as much as the

most cultivated and refined, whose souls have ripened and matured under more favorable circumstances. Mind must govern the matter, and run the machinery which we find in this world. Some are born to plan, and others to execute. What does your day-laborer care for paintings and poetry, and beautiful sunsets, and fine landscapes, when he has delved from dawn till dark, and is completely exhausted? He cares more for a good supper and an easy couch, than for all the pictures and poetry in the world. *God help him*, if he does not, while he is digging out his salvation; else his restless, hungry spirit will devour his body. What does your washwoman care for the fine arts; when her ragged, hungry children cry to her for bread and clothing? She lives her poem; and her week-day struggles and sacrifices, are her heroic deeds. But look! yonder is your aunt's dwelling, where a light is glimmering through the trees."

We had emerged from the wood into the open country; the road was smooth and even; the air was fragrant with the smell of flowers and new-mown hay; and I felt as if I should enjoy my visit, in spite of my fears. We approached the house, and I bade my guide "good night," and went up the path that led to it. I stood a few minutes at the door. One experiences a peculiar sensation when he stands at a threshold which he has never crossed; waiting to be admitted into the presence of a relative whom he has not seen for years. I felt uncertain about the reception. I might be remembered and welcome; or I might be a forgotten and an unwelcome guest. I rapped, and my aunt presented herself at the door, to answer the summons. She was glad to receive me; and the poor deluded creature seemed to think that I had conferred a favor in coming to see her; that she was under immense obligations to me for remembering her at all. She treated me as if I were a child yet, and for a few moments I forgot the years that had rolled over me. She was so cordial, and inquired so affectionately after my health and prospects, that I ceased to think of the coarse, hard hands, the angular figure, and the old-fashioned attire, and remembered only the kindly eyes, the hearty welcome and true hospitality of my relative. And while she prepared my supper, I told her about the gentleman who had been my guide; and who had instructed and entertained me by the way; adding that I hoped to be better acquainted sometime. I happened to look

into my aunt's face, and observing that it had elongated considerably during the recital, I paused to give her a chance to reply. She proceeded immediately to inform me that the gentleman in question was a *very singular man*. She did not think him a good man, and she was quite sure that there was not another person in the whole neighborhood that had such strange notions, and peculiar ways, and said such queer things as he did. I said I was sorry to hear it (to myself), and then listened attentively, while she went on and dissected him, in the most scientific manner, for my especial benefit. Your medical student who has just graduated with the highest honors, knows comparatively nothing about the use of the scalpel. Some old woman who has used the dissecting-knife on her neighbor's actions and intentions, till she is mistress of her art, will make him confess his ignorance, and stand confounded, while she practices surgery. My poor aunt, like her unfortunate nephew, looked through *bad glasses*. She was a kind-hearted creature, but quick to suspect evil, and discern defects. Her energetic method of treating *her subject*, made me understand that he was a positive character. No one ever aims a blow at a negative one. It is positive people that do all of the fighting, and revolutionizing, and suffering and dying for principles; that are grand, noble, earnest, original, fearless and honest. It is the only type of character, in short, that inspires great reverence, and unbounded admiration. Your negative men and women do nothing at all for humanity.

If my aunt had failed to perceive my new friend's merits, and had taken alarm at his singularities, her account of him had increased my esteem, and when I made a vigorous effort, a few days afterwards, to defend the hapless subject from attack No. two, she shut up like Miss Murdstone's work-pocket, with a *snap*, and remained silent on that topic for several days. And I took the hint so politely given, and shut up too, for I never felt quite plucky enough to contend with a woman. It is better to retreat, than to be defeated, and so I leave the field when the fair appear against me.

After supper, my aunt took me into her "spare room," and showed me where I was to sleep, and hoped that I would rest well; and then left me in possession of the premises till morning. There was a high-post bedstead with a feather bed upon it, looming up higher than I had ever hoped to mount; a striped yarn carpet covered the floor; there

were white cambric curtains at the windows; half a dozen wooden-bottomed chairs; a stupendous bureau; a looking-glass in a dark frame, with a gilt eagle mounted on the top of it; a table with a "Bible," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Baxter's Saints' Rest" upon it; and a mantel piece whereon was a tremendous flowerpot, in which asparagus, marigolds, pinks and poppies figured extensively. These comprised the furniture and ornaments of the room. And the contemplation of these ancient articles of furniture, and their precise arrangement, carried me away back to the time when they were in the fashion; and I wondered whether I should be considered outlandish and awkward by the next generation. I wished that, whatever else old time would do with me, that he would spare my heart from growing old; that he would preserve my affections fresh and pure; and that he would keep my faith and hope alive till the last; and that the palsying touch of age, and the icy chill of life's winter, may never wrinkle or freeze my heart, is still my earnest prayer. After surveying my apartment, I ascended the feather bed, and reaching the summit quite exhausted, I fell asleep, and dreamed wonderful things, about reclining on the tops of lofty mountains, of ground covered with striped grass, of huge bouquets scattered about in profusion; and of golden eagles flying about the woods.

I was awakened at an early hour by the crowing and cackling, and lowing and bleating, and barking and mewing of the animals. I cannot understand why the brute creation persist in making such horrible noises, at such unseasonable hours. It was a Sabbath morning, bright and beautiful, and it seemed so fit that man should rest from labor, and worship on such a day as this, that I thanked God for the day, more heartily than I had ever done before. I made haste to dress, and go abroad, that I might worship in the fields and groves, while the morning's rosy light bathed the earth. The word in season, on the preceding day, made me reflect; and looking by a better light, and through a clearer glass, I felt that this world as it is, is just as good a world as we are prepared to live in. If it were better we should not be fit to live in it; if we were better it would not be fit for us to live in; but it requires so much teaching and training to enable us to see these things as we should. And there are so many poor creatures that never see at all; that live and die in the dark. Pity the souls that pine

without a light in their clay prisons; that cannot stand the wear and tear of life; the rough usage and harsh discipline which forms a part of their education. They are the fine china of human ware; they break and crack, and get unsightly and defaced. Sometimes the Father takes them home, and sometimes he suffers them to grow plain and homely. Returning from my walk, I presented myself at the kitchen door, where I was greeted by my illustrious relative, and informed that breakfast was waiting. We sat down to a bountiful repast, and I did it justice. After the meal was cleared away, and the house put in order, aunt began to make preparations to go to meeting, and asked me to accompany her. I consented to do so, and presently she appeared in her Sunday gown, and John hitched a very tame looking horse to a wagon; and in we got, and off we drove; while I was repeating, to myself, all of the poetry that I could recall, just then. I prudently refrained, however, from saying anything very shocking aloud; for I remembered that it is easier to let a foolish speech slip out, than it is to take it back, or explain it away. Like poor Biddy, when laughed at for a simple remark, we may "wish it was back in our stomachs," while it is not in our power to make people forget the idle words which we have spoken. We do not *bridle* our tongues; we do not even halter-break them, on common occasions. When we had driven about a mile and a half, Aunt Wiggins pointed to an unpainted wooden building, about a quarter of a mile distant, and informed me that we were to attend service there. I looked for a place to fasten my horse, as we approached the sanctuary; though he was so steady and honest, that I am quite sure that he would not have gone home without a driver, if he had been allowed his liberty. We alighted, and I tied the nag to a tree; and ever since I have wanted to ask the brute's forgiveness for the insult; for I am positive that he would be standing there now, if somebody had not compelled him to go home. But I am not the only man that ought to humble himself enough to beg pardon of a beast. There are men who ought to be ashamed to look their cattle and horses in the face, who ought to go down on their knees to them, and confess their neglect and abuse; and promise to reform. We joined the crowd, and moved in the direction of the house; and entering, found some primitive arrangements for accommodating the congregation. This building was used part of the time as a place of instruction for the rising generation; and judging from appearances the young ideas had shot in various directions. Some real bright thoughts had forced their way clear through the window panes, leaving very singular shaped holes in the glass, and then gone on, nobody knows where; but probably carrying destruction and ruin in their track. Some little rustic genius had spent his precious time in carving his name on the unpainted desks and benches; while another had displayed his skill in drawing, by pictures done in black and blue ink, upon the walls and woodwork. There were seats upon both sides and one end of the room. Upon the other end, was a platform and desk, for the use of the pedagogue or preacher. Men and women, with bowed heads and wrinkled brows, came there to get their spiritual strength renewed; and if their souls were as crooked and misshapen as their bodies, they surely had much need of help. Young men and maidens came there in their holiday attire, with light steps and pleasant faces, to see and be seen; to gather instruction, or to get consolation; as is the custom in larger towns, where splendid temples and costly altars appeal to the senses. And little children came there, with their innocent prattle, and careless glee, to stare and wonder till they were tired, and then sleep till it was time to go home. When the preliminary exercises were concluded, the preacher, or exhorter, rose, and proceeded to *edify* part of his congregation, and *terrify* the rest. It was evident that he had never had a "call" to preach; and he talked a great deal to say a little; but the discourse was fully appreciated by some of the brethren, if the responses were any evidence. The truth was so diluted, that it required extraordinary patience and discernment to pick it out after it was served up. If the subject was not dull, I was; and when "sixthly, lastly, finally, in conclusion, a few remarks and I'll close," were all past; and the last, and to me the most refreshing sentence uttered, namely, "I add no more," I felt like saying "amen" with the brothers. Amen, to the last sentence I could have said in the most hearty manner; in the real "glory," "hallelujah" style. And when slowly afterwards, I heard one of the brothers tell him that he had handled his subject *remarkably*, I felt a great inclination to laugh outright, in spite of the time and place. The crowd began to disperse; I assisted my aunt into her wagon, unfasted her horse, and

begged to be excused from attending her home, as I preferred walking. I was soon joined by my new friend, who inquired if the minister had said anything that reached my case. I thought he had not, but hoped he had reached somebody's case. It was sad if he had not helped or comforted some one that day.

"Pioneer work must often be done by bunglers," he said; "and perhaps the preacher that has failed to edify you and I, has spoken to a class that could be spoken to in no other way; and ministered to the wants and necessities of a people who were unprepared for any other teaching. Babies must have milk; and gross minds must have gross experiences. What is palatable to one, is sickening to another; and what is nourishment for one, is poison for another. The mind craves some kinds of food, and rejects others; and, 'grows by what it feeds on.'"

"Well, you do not find crumbs even to feed on here," said I. "You surely do not attend these meetings for any good it can do you."

"I have found it pleasant and profitable sometimes," he answered. "The simple testimony of a consistent Christian is worth more than all the fine sermons in the world. Some good old Aunt Dorothy, who does not know much, and whom nobody notices; who takes the lowest seat in church and the meanest place everywhere; who has waded through deaths and afflictions of every kind, can help you more in your darkness and distress than all the preachers in the world. She knows what she has lived, and in whom she has trusted. She deals in truths and realities, and leaves forms and shams to those whose shallow experiences can make them satisfied with such husks. And the meanest wretch who stands up and confesses his errors with a broken voice and repentant tear, is white before his God compared with his proud, self-righteous brother, who has never stumbled, for he has something valuable to offer. *A sense of sin* will never be despised; for it is the wanderer's most acceptable offering."

"You can discern spiritual truths, and perceive the beauty and mystery that lies hidden in *common things*," I said, "while I have been walking heedlessly over them and past them, never dreaming how curious and interesting they were."

"You are going to see *truly and clearly*," he replied; "you will study and understand when you get your new 'spectacles' and are prepared to use them."

When I reached home, I found my venerable

relative bustling about preparing our supper like a real Martha woman as she was. These careful, troubled Marthas form a numerous class, and are very unlike the humble, patient Marys. We *respect* the former, and acknowledge that we could not live without them; but we *love* the latter. Working and serving is well, but weeping and waiting is better.

This busy, helpful woman, my aunt, lived more in the past than in the present or future. She rode in the car backwards, and was always looking towards the road that she had gone over. With a dim eye, faint heart, and feeble faith, she looked forward when some fair prospect or inviting field was pointed out. She saw plainly the trials of life's morning; but forgot that the fogs and mists that cloud the dawn may be dispelled before noonday, and that the sun may set as gloriously as if the day had been ushered in with rosy light. She was exacting too—a perfect Shylock in her way.

Distressingly good people are often troubled in that way, and that is one reason that we enjoy the society of sinners best. There are men who must have their heaping measure and their half cent; and there are women who want every one to be sure to make their own half of the bed, and sweep their own half of the room every time. They love justice more than mercy, and think the law with its frowns and terrors better than the gospel with its tenderness and forbearance.

Somehow the current of my thoughts or inclinations drifted me in the direction of my new friend's home very often, and somehow his current drifted him in my direction quite as often; so we met nearly every day during my sojourn there. My faith in his integrity remained unshaken, and my admiration increased. It is good to have some one to believe in—to find some one who will believe in us, whom we will listen to, and who will listen to us, when no one else will.

Upon my return from one of these visits one day, I found my careful aunt looking very much as if she smelt woollen burning somewhere; and when I asked the cause of her mental discomfort, she gravely informed me that she feared that my *character* would suffer if I continued so intimate with the gentleman in question.

"You mean *reputation*," I suggested. "The terms are not synonymous as you suppose."

"Perhaps so," she replied; "I am not good at splitting hairs. You make nice distinctions. Pray tell me the difference."

"Well," I answered, "character belongs to the soul; it is the motives which govern the action, and for that we are accountable; but reputation is the light in which these actions are viewed. The estimation in which we are held by the universal public, the judgment which men see fit to pass upon us, may be, and often is, erroneous. For that we are not accountable. It is impossible for another to see the springs from which our actions flow; so it is quite possible that a man may have a good character and a bad reputation, or a bad character and a good reputation. The first rests with God and ourselves, the last with our friends and enemies. A sensitive man will always be distressed if he is misunderstood, and public opinion is not to be disregarded. But there need not be much fear about results. If a man's reputation is worse than he deserves for a time, the mistake will surely be discovered, and all whose good opinion is really worth caring for will hasten to make reparation. It is gratifying to feel that we are known as we are; but if it is to be a part of our discipline to go through the whole, or a portion of our lives, without this recognition, it becomes our duty to submit and wait patiently till men reverse their hasty decisions. It is sad if this is not done till we have ceased to sorrow and rejoice over such things; but comforting to remember that it will surely be done some day. We should handle reputations carefully, for we hurt ourselves when we are unjust to others; and a habit of seeing imperfections, and trusting to appearances, is the surest method of becoming uncharitable and unjust. And the man who refuses to acknowledge his faults and rectify his mistakes, is like one going through life with a diseased limb, suffering more than can be described, yet refusing to part with the troublesome member. Too many people get some air or weakness which is a constant affliction and reproach, and have not courage to strike the fatal blow which will sever a source of shame and pain from all that is pleasant and desirable. They are too cowardly to consent to amputation, and they lose their lives in consequence."

"Good preaching is rarely followed by good practicing," observed my aunt.

"But that should not detract from the merit of the preaching," said I. "If we are hungry, we can eat from earthen plates; if we are thirsty, we can drink from tin cups. Doctors are not always willing to take their own pills, although it is generally conceded that they

should be. Yet they find people who are glad to take their pills, without asking whether the doctor ever has or ever will swallow a dose like that dealt out for them. Reformers know this, and find out after awhile that many of their benevolent plans and beautiful theories are impracticable. There is implanted within us a love of truth and goodness, and a desire to see all men useful and happy; but the cowardice of weak people, and the villainy of bad ones, has made it impossible to do all that should be done for suffering humanity. We feel the way to these truths with our hearts, or reason our way to them with our heads. It does not matter much which way we come; but we find wise men with their ingenious theories and profound philosophies, and simple women with their undying affections and trusting natures, upon the same platform, recognizing the same principles and believing the same doctrines. You are tired with my lecture, aunt; I will not trespass on your patience in this way again."

"Do not leave me this afternoon," she said, the next day, when she thought she saw me preparing to go out. "This is your last day; stay and read to me."

"With pleasure," I answered. "Here is a speech. Will you hear that?"

"Oh dear, no; I shall not be interested in that," she replied.

"Very well, here is an account of Monsieur Montrose's ascension in a balloon."

"I do not wish to hear about that either," said she. "If God had intended people to go up in the air, He would have furnished them wings—would He not?"

"I should think so, aunt; and if He had intended them to go on a road He would have put them on wheels also—would He not? But I find a story here, I know you are suffering to hear that."

"Well, read it, and do not be making fun of me any more."

So I read to her that last afternoon of my visit; and then we talked, and for a wonder we agreed on several subjects. The prospect of parting so soon made us forbearing. In the evening we went together to her strange neighbors, and had a delightful visit with them.

I could scarce keep a steady voice and dry eyes when I bade that man farewell. I felt indebted to him for one of the best lessons that I had ever received. Whether I have profited by it or not remains for others to say. Whenever I find myself bobbing and jolting on the track, switching off, frowning at the pas-

sengers, and hating everybody, I think of the old "specs" which I used to wear, and straightway don the new ones.

"I do not think that man so bad after all," my aunt remarked, as we travelled homeward that evening.

"I knew you would not think ill of him when you came to get acquainted. You will like him vastly yet," I said.

On the morrow I departed, carrying with me many pleasant recollections of my first visit in the country.

The years rolled on, and when every summer came I remembered my lone relative, and forgot in her quiet, peaceful home the cares and vexations of my life in town. These yearly visits got to be a luxury which I could not afford to miss. The last time that I went, a little band of friends and neighbors assembled at her house one cloudless afternoon; a prayer was said, a funeral hymn was sung, and with slow and solemn tread the body of my aunt was borne to an open grave.

Kings and Queens of England.

CHARLES I.

Charles the First commenced his reign March 27, 1625, with a greater variety of favorable circumstances than any of his predecessors, but none ever encountered more real difficulties. He was the second son of James the First and Anna of Denmark, and was twenty-four years old at the time of his father's death. His brother Henry, Prince of Wales, died when he was eighteen years of age, and was sincerely mourned by the people, being a prince of great promise: his death occurred in 1612.

Charles had a sweet but grave and melancholy expression of countenance; his features were regular and handsome, and his manners dignified and stately; he was moderate in his habits and expenses, gentle and humane in his disposition, pious and conscientiously just. In private life he possessed many excellent qualities: he was a good father, an indulgent husband, and a kind master. In literature his attainments were superior to the former kings: he spoke several languages well, his mind was highly cultivated, and he had remarkable talents for reasoning and argument; but his temper was hasty, and he needed more decision of character and a less exalted idea

of the royal prerogative; yet he was generous and forgiving.

Charles displeased the people greatly by his marriage with Henrietta Maria of France, because she was a papist; and they objected strongly to her being allowed publicly to exercise her own form of worship. This was an age of fanaticism, a demon that tyrannized over the minds of the people and produced a direful train of civil dissensions. One party regarded a variety of unimportant forms as essential to religion, the other considered these forms as sinful and idolatrous; and the kingdom exhibited a scene of bigotry, fanaticism, and intolerance, incompatible with Christian charity, and disgraceful to any religion.

Charles found the country engaged in a war with France and Spain; his father left an exhausted treasury, and parliament gave him such scanty supplies that he found himself in want of money to pay the necessary expenses of the government. He therefore concluded a peace with both countries, and applied himself to quieting the dissensions that existed at home; as parliament were employed in debates concerning religion, he labored to soften the enmity that prevailed among its members; but bigotry and party spirit confounded all real and rational aims at reconciliation. The nation was rushing into the extreme of fanaticism, and it was easy to perceive that a terrible storm threatened church and state.

The king had serious difficulties with Scotland on account of religious forms; he wished them to introduce the order of the English church in their worship, but they indignantly refused, and drew up a covenant which bound them to resist all religious innovation, and required every person in Scotland to sign it. The covenanters then made preparations to resist by force of arms, and Charles was obliged to purchase their submission by many concessions. Their peace was of short duration; the next year they entered England with an army and caused great distress.

A dangerous rebellion also broke out in Ireland, and all the English in the island, without regard to age or sex, were massacred, except a few who took refuge in Dublin.

The parliament would not unite with the king in any pacific measures; it was divided into two parties, the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians; and among the last were concealed a number of Independents, who had long disguised their religious and political sentiments. Most of these were men of great abilities and of a daring temper, who meditated

a total subversion of the government, and improved every occasion to cause dissensions between the king and the Parliament, that they might the better accomplish their designs. This reign presents a continued contest between the court and the nation. The king gave his assent to a number of acts for redress of grievances. The Star-Chamber and High Commission Court were abolished; the former had long been an engine of tyranny; the latter was established by Queen Elizabeth, and was a real court of inquisition. The destruction of these two courts merited the thanks and applause of posterity. But the Parliament, not satisfied with limiting the king's authority, resolved to reduce it to an empty name.

Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and the celebrated Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, two particular friends of the king, were sent to the Tower. The Parliament declared them guilty of high treason, and condemned them. They were soon after executed, and in their last moments displayed great fortitude; they were men of superior minds and good intentions, and in better times would have met with a better fate. The Parliament pretended great zeal for religion, but their only object appeared to be to destroy the established church and the royal authority. All the bishops were expelled from the House of Lords, and any who remonstrated against it were accused of treason and sent to the Tower.

Parliament next demanded that the Tower of London, with Hull, Portsmouth and the fleet, should be put into their hands, which after a short delay the king granted; but when they claimed the militia, Charles resolved not to resign this last remnant of his authority, and both parties prepared for war.

It would be uninteresting to describe the many battles that took place between the contending parties; each army contained about two hundred thousand men. The miseries of the people cannot be conceived; this civil war was the greatest of public calamities, religious bigotry was oppressing and devastating the country. The king considered the Church of England as the door of salvation; the Parliament esteemed its doctrines and rites abominable, and abolished the common prayer, which rendered the church Presbyterian; but Charles could not give up his religion, and sacrificed his crown and his life to the cause of Episcopacy, his faith being the real cause of his death.

Through the influence of Oliver Cromwell and other leaders of the independents, Parlia-

ment passed a bill which excluded all its members from any command in the army. Cromwell, by his pretended zeal for the cause of religion and liberty, gained an ascendancy over the minds of many, and by the important service which he rendered at the battle of Naseby, in Northamptonshire, in defeating the king's forces, he added greatly to his popularity. This battle decided the contest between the king and Parliament.

Charles had received some assurances of safety from the Scotch officers, and took refuge in their army. The Scotch commissioners and the Parliament assured him on the public faith that, if he would go to London and negotiate with them, he should be treated with respect and honor, and be in freedom and security. They assigned him Holmby House for his residence.

The Presbyterian interest had declined, and the Independents had gained the ascendancy, and the power which Parliament had wrested from the king was now seized by the army. When the government wished the army disbanded, the civil war being ended, Cromwell opposed it, and took possession of the person of the king, and placed a guard in the Parliament house, after arresting those members whom he thought hostile to his designs; those who remained were Independents, and voted as Cromwell desired. Thus the Presbyterians, who had destroyed the church and throne, fell victims to the military power which they had created. The king was accused of being the author of the war, and the cause of all the blood that had been shed, and, though no attempt was made to prove it, he was condemned and beheaded January 30, 1643, being forty-seven years of age, and having reigned twenty-two years.

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I.

Henrietta Maria was the youngest child of Henry the Fourth of France, and of his second queen, Marie de Medicis. She married Charles, June 24, 1625, at Canterbury. She had been married by proxy before she left France, and took a numerous retinue of servants to England. She was fifteen years of age, and was a Catholic, with which her husband's subjects were not pleased.

The English always disliked having foreigners at court, and, to please the people, Charles soon sent back to France nearly all his wife's French attendants. For a short time she was very indignant, and complained bitterly of his unkindness, as she called it;

but his uniform love and kindness to her soon overcame her petulance, and she was satisfied that he acted from the kindest of motives. Charles's affection to his queen was a composition of love, conscience, generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections which he was so capable of bestowing, and he was desirous that all should know how much he valued her. The queen was a lady of great beauty, excellent wit and humor, and made a just return of the noblest affections. They had seven children; their sons, Charles and James, were afterwards kings of England. Their youngest son, Henry, died at the age of fourteen, and the same year their oldest daughter, Mary, who had married the Prince of Orange, died. Her son was King William III., who married his cousin Mary, the daughter of James II. Elizabeth died in her fifteenth year. Mary was but four years old, and died before her father. Henrietta, the youngest daughter, married her cousin Philippe, Duke of Orleans. Queen Henrietta fled to France before her husband was beheaded, and lived to see their son Charles king of England. She died August 31, 1669, at the age of fifty-nine.

DELAFIELD, Wis.

Spirit Whisperings.

BY IDA AFTON.

Fondly a spirit hovering near
Whispereth softly, "Drooping heart, cheer!
Part back the shadows, welcome the light,
Let God's pure sunshine chase back the night.

"Storm-clouds rush o'er thee—dasheth thy bark
Over life's breakers?—open the ark,
Take in the white-winged dove to thy breast;
Down by still waters she hath found rest.

"Rest for the weary and loved ones; sleep,
From which no fond heart waketh to weep.
Darling, I'm waiting, down by the shore,
Waiting thy coming, love, evermore.

"Sigh not o'er dead leaves, scattered in gloom,
There, in green pastures, amaranths bloom.
Lift up thy bowed head, welcome the light,
Let God's pure sunshine chase back the night."

Remember ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, and stigmatize him as "small," that by and by he can afford to be generous when you have nothing to give.

The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

In August there came a brief lull in the company which crowded the country seat of the Humphreys that summer. Saratoga, the White Mountains, and Niagara, possessed a kind of magnetic coercion which the fashionable guests were unable to resist at this season, and the household settled back into its old channels of quiet, and even Evelyn Humphreys with all her thoughtless gayety enjoyed the change and quiet.

It lasted hardly more than a week, however, and this time the quiet was broken by the arrival of Mrs. Humphreys' father and mother, accompanied by a young lady friend, who was in fact, distantly connected with the family; Evelyn's mother's only sister having married her father, whose daughter, was this young girl, at that time only a few years out of her infancy.

Both the father and the stepmother died within a few months of each other, leaving the young orphan without brother or sister, and in possession of a large fortune entirely at her own disposal.

The new guests arrived somewhat suddenly, just as the family were going out to tea, for Guy Humphreys had the good sense and the good taste not to import city habits into his country home.

Mrs. Humphreys had never been separated for so long a time from her parents, and of course there was quite a demonstrative meeting on their unexpected arrival, made up of exclamations and welcomes, of tears and caresses, on the part of the ladies. Janet made her escape from it as noiselessly as she could. Such a family scene always saddened this girl. It brought home to her the contrast between her own fate and that of most other women. The sense of want, of a life barren and impoverished, a great longing and aching for some family ties, which always lay at the bottom of the thoroughly feminine nature of this girl, always articulated itself at such times. The thought would come back then to strike its sharp pang through her, that there was not in the wide world a solitary human being on whose love or care she had the smallest claim. Away down in the child-years dwelt, tenderly and sacredly cherished, the memory of the mother-love which had been

warmth, and shelter, and happiness, until it went down into the grave.

So the young governess carried a shadow in her face as she went up to her room that evening, which even the sight of the sunset that spread before her its sea of gold and islands of purple did not quite dispel, and there came and went through the chill of her thoughts the first impressions she had had of Mrs. Humphreys' relatives.

Her father came first—a large, portly gentleman, a little bald, and quite gray, with a shrewd, business expression, not precisely hard, but even in its most complacent and social phases it always had to Janet Strong some faint association with counting-room, with letters and papers scattered all around, and talk of stocks, and shares, and fat dividends, and in the midst of all in his large office chair, with his head bent forward and his eyes twinkling shrewdly behind his gold spectacles, would sit the portly figure of Evelyn's father. The man seemed here in his natural element.

Mrs. Winchester was a fine looking, dignified matron, with a pleasant, well-preserved face, with hardly a wrinkle from brow to chin, though the becoming clusters of curls on each side of her face were thickly sandaled with gray. The resemblance betwixt mother and daughter was very faint.

The youngest face and figure had, however, made the strongest impression on Janet, during the few moments that she had had for observation. Indeed, the face was one to attract notice, and that took fast hold of one's memory, and held it faithfully long afterwards. It was just out of its teens at this time; not handsome, still less pretty, and yet it had the power of singular beauty. The features were not strictly regular; the large eyes were of a dark brown, with swift luminous changes; the bright sweet mouth had tints of tenderness and smiles, even in repose, but it could settle down into fine scorn or resolute purpose.

"I never saw a face just like that one before," murmured Janet to herself, as it came up to her in her room, and drew her thoughts away from herself. "It interests me. I like it."

In the midst of her musings came a peremptory summons to tea from Mrs. Humphreys, and on entering the dining-room, Janet was playfully saluted by its mistress, even before she was presented to her guests—

"Now, little lady, you needn't fancy that you are going to run away from our folks after

your old fashion. This is only our family, and you are one of it, and have got to make yourself so, socially and familiarly."

Then followed the introductions. All eyes were bent on Janet as she took her seat at the table; but if the gaze was somewhat curious, it was not cold nor critical, but pleasant and approving. Evidently Mrs. Humphreys' relatives were prepared to be pleased with her governess, and Evelyn had, in a few words, placed the girl in the light of a semi-heroine, in which way the lady herself perhaps half unconsciously always regarded Janet. Thus placed quite at her ease, kindly invited to her share in the conversation, Janet felt quite at home with these people, which previous to their arrival she had not supposed possible.

When the supper at last was over, intermitted as it had constantly been by bright talk, and jests, and stories, for there was much to tell on every side, Mr. Winchester, with a flourish of his hand, said to his son-in-law—

"You may wait upon the old married ladies, Guy. I, for my part, always prefer young and blooming ones." And with some old-school ceremony he offered an arm to his niece and Janet.

"If you hadn't the most amiable wife in the world, my dear, and your daughter didn't resemble her mother, you would never dare put such a slight upon both of us," subjoined Mrs. Winchester, as she took the arm of Guy which was not engrossed.

"Never mind him, mamma," subjoined Evelyn, whose affection was in an ebullient state that evening. "It seems so good to see dear papa, and hear his voice once under my own roof, that I'm ready to bear meekly any slight that he may choose to put upon me, even to being ranked among old married women, and seeing young and pretty damsels preferred before me."

"Would you, my daughter?" said the old gentleman, seating the ladies, and then he seized Evelyn by the waist, and perched her playfully on his knee, and looking on the face of his idol, the eyes of the father had a language just then which they never spoke in the counting-room.

The evening which followed was a very happy one. Each brought tribute to it some gift of kindly deed or speech. The conversation ran in all kinds of desultory channels; Mr. and Mrs. Winchester had a thousand amusing incidents to relate of their journey West, and Evelyn had her experience of house-

keeping to go over, which was in reality little more than play, although she fancied her own wisdom kept the complicated domestic machinery in order.

"Guy," said Mr. Winchester to his son-in-law, at the close of one of his daughter's sparkling chapters of domestic history, "haven't you got rather more than you bargained for? I never suspected our little girl here, would develop into the model mistress of a great country mansion. I must confess that I thought your housekeeping a pretty, fanciful experiment, and during the first few weeks which followed your migration, I looked for your return with almost every train."

"So did I," subjoined Mrs. Winchester. "Evelyn's sudden enthusiasm for the country and housekeeping seemed to me a pretty childish fancy, that would vanish with the first touch of reality."

"It's stood eight months' test though, nobly, you must admit, mother, and I appeal to Miss Janet to endorse me. Haven't we all had a thoroughly comfortable time since you came amongst us?"

This of course brought all eyes on the governess. Her answer came with the first thought, which might have been a little modified had she waited for a second, but was none the less true for all that—

"It seemed to me that we were the happiest people in the world!"

"There is no more to be said after that," laughed Guy Humphreys, and they all thought so.

Then the house had to be gone over by all the company, Evelyn preceding her guests, and displaying every nook and corner of her home with a look of triumph in her eyes, which was quite captivating.

In the midst of all this informality, it did not take long for the little party to become acquainted.

"You must have some charming landscapes about here," said Miss Wealthy Dana, standing in the front window, and looking off on the lawn where the swimming mists rolled back and forth in the moonlight. "I shall find something to inspire my pencil and brush here."

"Most certainly you will, cousin Wealthy," responded Mrs. Humphreys. "But you must get Miss Janet to introduce you to the scenery. She has explored the country for miles around, and knows all the fine points in it."

Wealthy Dana turned the brightness of her face full on Janet—

"You love pictures then, Miss Strong? I am glad that we meet on common ground here."

"I cannot aspire to say so much as that of myself; my life has afforded me so little opportunity for æsthetic cultivation. But there are some landscapes about here which I have taken into my heart. You know nature is more democratic than most artists, and accepts and rewards any worship so that it is sincere."

"I believe she does, although I never thought of her in that light; still you will not deny that artistic cultivation helps one to see nature with truer, more loving eyes?"

"Oh, no," with a quick emphasis on both the monosyllables, "and as I have never had this, I am quite unfitted for the work which Mrs. Humphreys has assigned me."

"Excuse me, I have an instinct that I shall differ from you there!"—

The conversation in which both the girls had come to take a keen interest, was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Humphreys, who placed a letter in Miss Dana's hand, saying—

"That came by this morning's mail, and prepared us in some way for your arrival. I came near forgetting it, cousin Wealthy."

The young girl hurried to the light, after thanking her cousin, and breaking the seal, ran over the letter with a good deal of interest in her face. Then she tossed it on the table with a little disappointment in her face.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her aunt.

"It's from Robert Crandall, Aunt Esther. He finds it absolutely necessary to join his family in Saratoga, and so, to his great regret, he cannot join our circle with his sisters this summer."

"Who in the world are Robert Crandall and his sisters," inquired Guy Humphreys.

"Ask Wealthy, my son," said Mrs. Winchester, with a little quizzical smile about her mouth, little suspecting that there was another present who could reply to it.

"I have no reluctance in answering you, cousin Guy. Robert Crandall's youngest sister was one of my classmates at boarding school, and we were intimate friends, and used to exchange visits every vacation. It was in this way that I became acquainted with her brother. We were at Newport together this spring, and I took the liberty, knowing your hospitality, of inviting Mr. Crandall and two of his sisters to join me for a few days at Stoneham. Was that right, Evelyn?"

"Just right; but isn't there any more to tell, mamma?"

"I think there is, Mr. Crandall is a very superior man in every respect—handsome, highly cultivated—in short, a great favorite with the ladies, and he manifested very plainly that *one* was a favorite with him by the marked attentions which he bestowed upon her at Newport."

Guy Humphreys whistled significantly.

"My dear, how could you be so rude—in the presence of ladies, too?" remonstrated his wife, in a way that would certainly have encouraged that gentleman to repeat his offence, had he felt the slightest inclination to do so.

Wealthy Dana spoke again—this time with a slight annoyance in face and manner—"I am not amiable, like most of my sex, and it always vexes me to be made the subject of jests in connection with any of my friends. Robert Crandall is no more than this—I have no reason to suspect that he desires to be."

"I wish he had come, though," interposed Evelyn—"Mamma's description has inspired me with a desire to see him. Why, Miss Janet, what is the matter?—you are looking like a ghost!"

"Am I? I believe I have felt sick for the last minute or two. It will soon pass off if I go to my room."

Mrs. Humphreys was profuse in offers, which Janet persistently refused, and making apologies, escaped to the silence of her own room soon as possible.

Her nerves had had a sudden shock; but she rallied from it in a few moments with her well balanced mind and force of will. In a single breath all the past had swept over her—the old, lonely girlhood, the terror, the temptation from which she had been delivered.

"God has been very good to me again," she murmured, as she lay in her bed, at last, and the white moonlight came in at the open window, and filled her chamber with its solemn purity—"I would not meet this man for the world;" and then she turned over and slept.

CHAPTER IX.

Quite unconsciously to herself, Janet was slightly reserved on her next interviews with Wealthy Dana—not that she entertained a fear of any disclosures respecting herself from the young lady's intimacy with Robert Crandall; she had never seen his sisters, and it was in no wise probable that Miss Dana would allude to her in the young gentleman's presence, and in case she should, he would have every motive for concealing their former intimacy. But it was natural that the young girl should

desire to avoid any associations connected with that part of her life—and Wealthy Dana suggested these—although Janet did not analyze the feeling which still slightly indicated itself in her manner. But this had an effect directly opposite what she intended.

Wealthy Dana, the courted, flattered heiress, the cultivated, accomplished girl-woman, had taken a fancy to Janet; moreover, her curiosity was stirred, and her interest awakened by the young governess. She had been used to having her own way in everything, and was, from a natural pride of character, not much given to making advances; but in this instance, she quite unbent herself. She followed Janet about the grounds; she sought her in her own chamber; she insisted on her company in her walks, and interfered sadly with Maude's lessons. There was certainly much to love in Wealthy Dana, with all the errors of a wrong social education, which of course brought forth its legitimate fruits in false opinions and views of life. She lacked moral discipline, was governed by her impulses; but she had a nature fine, generous, enthusiastic, under all her unconscious selfishness. Her nature was far deeper and broader than Evelyn Humphreys could ever be, and had double the strength and fibre, but circumstances had never developed any of these latent forces of the girl's character.

It was impossible for Janet to resist the charm of her manner; for both men and women acknowledged this, and there were many empty rooms in the heart of the little governess.

One sultry afternoon, at the close of Maude's lessons, Janet wandered down to the river with her little pupil. There was a faint pulse stirring the warm, fragrant air. The ripe sunshine of the late summer swathed the earth, and the river, with a deep joy in its heart, lay still and blue before her, looking up at the sky. And up and down the river looked at this moment the joyful eyes of Janet Strong, feeding themselves on the beauty of the slow, winding water, on the small islands that lay on its bosom like emeralds, until afar in the distance it seemed to grow into a wreath of blue mist, transfigured in the sunshine.

The small boat rocked tempting at their feet, and it naturally suggested Maude's eager—"Oh, dear, Miss Janet, I wish that you and I could have a sail this afternoon!"

"I wish we could, Maude; but neither of us can row; so our wish must wait, as a good many larger ones have to in this life."

"No, it mustn't; I can execute it this minute," said a bright voice at Janet's side; and there with a laugh which held her whole face, stood Wealthy Dana, swinging her sun-hat.

"I saw you from my window when you came down with Maude. My book was tedious, and so I took the liberty of following you." She answered Janet's surprised look—

"Am I intrusive?"

"Oh, no; I find there are some days which can bring to me gladness and wisdom, too, that no book can—days that have their own messages and inspirations, needing no interpreter."

A half pleased, half puzzled glance answered Janet—

"Where do you find these days mostly?"

"They are scattered all along from May to November; but they occur most frequently to me in the Indian summer, that time when the year ripens into its marvellous perfection and glory."

"That is my favorite season, too;" and Wealthy Dana's face flashed up a meaning beyond her words. "Miss Janet, can you steer?"

"Mr. Humphreys has been my teacher. He says that I can as well as his wife."

"And I took lessons in rowing last summer with a number of other young ladies, on a little lake near the watering place where we were stopping for a month. I can manage a boat perfectly. You will not be afraid to trust me?"

"Not in the least," said Janet, delighted with the proposition; and in a few moments the girls succeeded in unfastening the rope which secured the boat to the bank. Wealthy Dana took the oars and Janet the tiller, and they glided out softly on the river, that laid like a broad blue plank under the trees.

The next hour was a delightful one. The winding river was full of picturesque points and surprises, and one moment in the cool shadows along its borders, and the next touching the fairy islands, ruffled with dark shrubs, and then gliding over the still, broad water, the hours went by as they do sometimes in dreams.

The afternoon fairly drew them out of themselves. It was a pleasant thing to hear the bright young laughter, as the faint echoes caught it up, or their enthusiasm over some new point of view, some new glow of color or gleam of beauty. Janet forgot her reserve—Wealthy Dana's better, truer nature discovered itself.

Somewhere late in the afternoon, just after

they had set the boat towards home, a little silence fell over the trio. Maude dipped her small hands in the water, and dashed it up in showers; Janet fed her eyes on the crimson pillars thrown up by the sunset. At last, she turned towards Wealthy Dana, who was languidly moving her oars, and met the young lady's eyes fastened gravely on her face.

"What are you thinking of me, I wonder?" she asked, and was sorry the next moment that her hasty thought had slipped out, and she could not call it back.

Wealthy smiled, but her eyes kept their seriousness. "I was thinking of what you were saying to Maude, when I found you this afternoon—that many of our wishes in life had to wait—for their fulfilment, I suppose you meant?"

"Yes; isn't it true?"

"It isn't of mine, often. I have no patience; I cannot wait; I never could."

There came over the brightness of Janet's face a little pain—the shadow of those long years of patience and toil. "It is a long, hard lesson to learn," she said; and Wealthy Dana knew from her voice and face that she was speaking from experience.

And there came a generous pity into the singular attraction which she experienced towards Janet—a pity which touched very nearly on reverence or awe; for Wealthy Dana's instincts were fine and true where they had not been perverted by her education. After a few moments, she spoke again—

"I have only confessed a part of my thoughts. The rest was more personal—I was fancying to myself what kind of friend you would make, and something beyond that."

"What kind of a friend!" repeated Janet, amused, perplexed.

"Yes, one of the kind we read about, but find so seldom in the world—a friend, true, steadfast, faithful, through good or evil, to the core."

"Is that the way in which you read me, Miss Dana?" her voice agitated with surprise.

"Just so; am I not true?"

"I believe fickleness is not one of my faults; but with regard to my capacity for any friendship, it has had very little opportunity to manifest itself; I believe that dear Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys are the only ones who have ever really tested it, or even cared to."

"Wont you add my name to that of my cousins?" asked Wealthy Dana softly, almost timidly.

Janet did not answer at once; the request took her so much by surprise. She looked at Wealthy Dana, sitting there in her proud beauty, lazily guiding the boat along the banks, and the contrasts in their two lives came up sharply before her. What tribute could she bring from her scanty stores to one whose years overflowed with every gift of this world—to whom living was merely an existence of luxury, enjoyment, beauty? All these thoughts and much more, flashing swiftly through her mind, concentrated themselves in her answer—

"Miss Dana, you do not know what you ask. My friendship can do no good—be of no service to you." And, unconscious of it herself, a little proud humility just touched her words.

"I never sought anybody's before—I should not yours, Miss Janet, if you were not so wholly unlike any one whom I ever met. I cannot tell what has impelled me to almost solicit what should be a free gift, without invitation or bribe of speech. But I have had a feeling all the last hour that I should like to hear your voice tell me that you were my friend, in your grave, earnest way, knowing that with you the words would reach more and deeper than they do with most young ladies of your age and mine."

The heart of Janet Strong thrilled at these words. She leaned forwards and said softly, and half under her breath, as though she was making a solemn covenant—"Miss Dana, I will be your friend."

This time Wealthy Dana did not answer with words. She drew off her finger a gold ring, in which gleamed a single large emerald, and placed it on Janet's, saying only—"It shall stand for a sign and witness betwixt us."

Before Janet could answer, Maude, who had at last tired of playing with the water, and had listened to the conversation with a vague comprehension of its meaning, broke in with—

"I think you are funny, Cousin Wealthy."

"If you do, keep your thoughts to yourself, child."

Janet's rapid apprehension assured her that this remark was not intended for Maude alone; so she made no thanks for the ring, but they were none the less vocal to the heart of Wealthy Dana.

The boat went slowly homeward. On their way they rested amidst a surf of water lilies—the great snowy blossoms making the air heavy with their luscious perfume.

Miss Dana suggested that they should

gather some of these, and carry them home as trophies of their journey.

"I think that this has been one of the happiest afternoons of my life," said Wealthy Dana, as she put out once more into the river.

"You spoke my thought at that moment," said Janet. "But for you—it can't be possible that you really mean it."

"Yes I do," decidedly. "I know very well what you think, Miss Janet—that my life of gayety, and pleasure, and all sorts of fashionable frivolity, has feasted and satisfied me. But you are mistaken. There are times when the thought of my wasted, aimless days, saddens and humiliates me, and I really wonder what I am living for."

This then had come at last in words to the surface. This was the secret of Wealthy Dana's attraction to Janet. Some higher instinct of her nature had discerned and did homage to whatever there was of right aspiration and ennobling purpose in the life of the young governess.

For the first time it flashed across the latter's thoughts that she might be of some "service" to the young heiress. There she sat, with her large wealth, with her wide social influence, with her singular charm of speech and manner—with unusual powers and opportunities for doing good in her day and generation.

"It might be"—Janet's thoughts went softly and solemnly out on this new channel—"that there was some ministration appointed her in this new friendship," and she answered very gravely at last—

"A life like yours, Miss Dana, without any discipline of sorrow and struggle, is like a fairy tale to me, or like some enchanted country, on whose borders I can only stand, looking off on shining paths and joy—of flowers and glory of trees, in which I have no part." But her face kindled, although its gravity did not diminish—"I believe that sooner or later all loss and grief will be made up to me, in this world or another."

"And for you, Janet, you are trying to live for that other world?"

"I am trying to, God helping me," said Janet.

Just then the boat reached the steps which led up from the water to the bank. The sultry day had faded into twilight now. A light breeze from the sea cooled the hot pulses of the air. Voices from the house came down to the river.

"We will each take a share of the spoils," said Wealthy, breaking the silence in which

they had landed; and they gathered up the flowers which filled the air with their passionate odor.

The family was assembled on the veranda, and Guy Humphreys hailed the girls, as they came up through the winding paths, and protested that they ought to be led out to execution at once for stealing the boat and ravaging his waters.

"But our slaughter was confined to the water-lilies," laughed Janet, "and we have brought them home to grace your halls and parlors with their perfume and beauty."

"That speech shall buy your forgiveness; only the next time that you seize my boat and scour my waters for booty, just please to invite me to accompany you. If I share in the spoils of the expedition, I must in its dangers."

"Besides," struck in Evelyn, "we doubted your capacity to manage the boat, and feared you had all gone, crew and freight, to the bottom, and were about having the river dragged, weren't we, mamma?"

Thus appealed to, the elder matron answered the young one.

"I must confess to a slight uneasiness during the last hour."

"Oh, mamma, you are so obstinately literal. I do so love to touch up my speech with a little color of pathos and tragedy."

And so, with light jest and talk, as was the fashion with these people, they went out to supper.

CHAPTER X.

For a week there were no new arrivals. Wealthy and Janet were thrown constantly together, and each brought gifts to this new friendship from their treasures of heart and soul. Janet, with her quick powers of assimilation, was stimulated and improved in various ways by the society of the accomplished and high-bred girl, and the young governess did not suspect that her influence reached deeper and wider than her friends.

There were many points, too, in which their tastes harmonized. With both of them, their fondness for natural scenery amounted to a passion—both of them had a keen enthusiasm and a fine discrimination in poetry—so unlike as their educations had been, they both met on broad grounds of sympathetic appreciation.

At the close of the week a new guest entered the charmed circle. He was a classmate

of Guy Humphreys. He arrived only a couple of days after his letter, in which he announced his intention of visiting Stoneham.

"He was one of the smartest fellows in the class, but dreadfully lazy," Guy said, "and sowed his wild oats all through his college years, always getting into scrapes, and gave the faculty more trouble than any other member of the class. Ralph Brainerd was sure to be on hand if there was a hen-roost to be robbed, or a tutor's window to be smashed, or a gate to be carried off, or a watermelon patch to be devastated. In short, he was always the ringleader of any mischief that was going on, and he had a genius for getting his neck out of all responsibility in the matter that was marvellous. Many a fellow had been suspended or expelled for a tenth part of what Ralph Brainerd had done, but he could always invent a story to suit his own case, and make one believe it almost against the evidence of his own eyes."

Mr. Humphreys added further, that he had lost sight of his classmate for some eight years, during most of which time he had been abroad he believed.

"I hope he's got through sowing his wild oats by this time," said Mrs. Winchester, on whom Guy's story had not made an altogether favorable impression of his classmate.

"Probably he has, mother. The best and wisest men often have their season of youthful folly and effervescence."

Somebody else took up the thread of conversation here, and there was no more said at that time of Guy's friend, Ralph Brainerd.

Two days later the new guest presented himself—a striking man in all respects, hardly above medium height, but of a strong but flexible figure, and a face that interested you at the first glance. It was somewhat dark and thin, with keen, brilliant eyes, and a mouth that had a good deal of decision and some lurking satire in it—a man not easily penetrated, self-assured, brilliant, fascinating, with a great deal of a certain kind of intellectual power.

Ralph Brainerd made himself at home at once with his old classmate. His conversations were what women who talked impulsively, and on the surface of things called "bewitching." He was a man of swift observations, a keen reader of the faults and foibles of men and women, of immense tact, and one who always knew how to address the vulnerable side of those with whom he was brought in contact. Then he had travelled long and widely. He

was familiar with every climate, with the habits and national character of almost every nation on the face of the earth, and he had a wonderful faculty of "word painting," of seizing the ludicrous or picturesque side of any circumstance, and setting it before his hearers like a living reality, with his strong, vital words. Indeed, his power of language amounted almost to genius, and this was combined with a cultivation and courtliness of manner, with an easy, off-hand grace of presence and movement, which made Ralph Brainerd a favorite with all kinds of people.

The ladies were charmed with him. I know of no word which expresses so fitly the degree and kind of admiration which he inspired, before he had been two days an inmate of the country seat of the Humphreys.

What pictures of the old world would rise up and throb in living glory and beauty along the paths of this man's speech! How great cities would stand in their stateliness and splendor before the gaze of his audience! The awful grandeur of the Pyramids; the crumbling ruins of ancient temple, and tower, and palace; the gray desert stretching vast and lonely on every side; great tropical forests, with their luscious fragrance and palpitating life, would each in turn burn and gleam along the background of Ralph Brainerd's talk; and tropical birds would flash their fiery beauty through the air, and the cry of wild beasts would thrill its fierce wrath through lonely jungles; and a few moments later the listeners would all be mingling in a bustling picturesque life of some foreign port, or fairly convulsed with laughter over some grotesque feature or comical story, which the masterly words of Ralph Brainerd threw out to them.

Janet, like all the others, was completely taken captive by this man's talk. It fascinated, absorbed her. She gave herself up to its influence without question or analysis. A new world, which books only dimly revealed, on a sudden opened itself to her. She let Ralph Brainerd carry her where he would—into the voluptuous softness of Oriental atmospheres, into the sunny splendors of the tropics, into the strange, wild tingling life of the desert—breaking in occasionally with eager, rapid questions, which the man seemed to enjoy, for he knew his power and enjoyed it.

But Ralph Brainerd's talk did not always take so wide a range. He had a graceful way of saying small things, and placing common ones in new and attractive lights. His art in paying compliments was marvellous. They always lingered with their faint, dainty spice of flattery, like a pleasant perfume in the memory.

He was a charming companion, too, in a walk, or ride, or sail; nothing was too slight to escape his attention nor the transfiguration of his words. He had a fine taste for art, an appreciative one of Nature; and the young ladies found him a great accession to these rambles, in which the whole family now took part.

Several days had gone by on smooth, swift wings, which made them seem hardly more than an hour. The gentlemen were enjoying their newspapers and *Havanas* in the library. The ladies were gathered in the sitting-room, busy and merry over a basket of mosses, which the little party had gathered the day before in the woods, and Mrs. Humphreys had suggested that they should make a basket of these mosses for her mother to carry back with her to her city home.

"You must hang it in your own room, and it will be a suggestion all winter of summer woods, and birds, and flowers, and all the beautiful things you will leave behind when you return to your cell of brick and mortar."

"Mrs. Winchester, do I hear aright? Your elegant city home compared to a cell! How can you sit calmly there?" interposed Wealthy Dana.

Mrs. Winchester's indignation seemed in a nascent state that morning, if one were to judge from the indulgent smile with which she looked towards her daughter.

"Evelyn must have been born with a natural tendency towards exaggeration in all her talk. It was amusing in her childhood, when I should have enjoyed it. But it is too late for that now."

"Now, when it is wicked instead of amusing, do you mean, mamma?"

"Not quite so bad as that, my dear, I hope."

Miss Janet," said Mrs. Humphreys, turning to the young lady who was engrossed in combining the mosaics of mosses on all sides of her, "you are our authority on all moral questions."

"I never suspected it before, Mrs. Humphreys."

"Probably not. Your modesty on all occasions equals your merits. There, don't blush now. I am aware that was a very pretty compliment. But do you really think that

there is any harm in saying funny and foolish things that one doesn't mean?"

"In calling your mother's house a cell, for instance! I don't think that there was any moral wrong in that."

"No; my question took a wider range."

"Don't you think it quite harmless to jest on any subject where of course no one is pained or injured, and no evil only a little fun is intended, by people who have the keen sense of the ridiculous that I have?"

"I hardly know," answered Janet, gravely, "for I have never sufficiently considered the subject. But I am certain that sacred things are not legitimate objects of ridicule."

"Mr. Brainerd won't agree with you there," subjoined Miss Dana. "Do you remember, Evelyn, the way he repeated that old preacher's prayer at the camp meeting. Wasn't it funny?"

The trio of ladies laughed heartily at the recollection.

"You would join us, Janet, if you hadn't missed it, being off somewhere with Maude," said Mrs. Humphreys. "I'll ask him to repeat it for your especial benefit."

"Oh, no; please do not," with great earnestness.

"Why—why not?"

"Because, Mrs. Humphreys, I do not think that any man's prayers, are more a legitimate subject for ridicule than my own are. They are sacred, as betwixt him and his Maker."

"But don't you see the distinction! We were not laughing at what was either sincere or 'sacred' in the old man's prayer, but at his crude, clumsy, funny way of speaking; and that is all legitimate, and you could not have helped laughing too."

"Very likely not. But that cannot alter my conviction that it is wrong to jest on sacred things, to diminish their importance and power over us, by giving them grotesque associations in our own minds. This man's prayer, no matter how ignorant or awkward, nor how offensive many of its expressions to all good taste, was, in its deepest sense, a matter to him of life and death. I should be afraid to ridicule it."

"I think Miss Janet is right," said Mrs. Winchester. "We can hardly expect, however, that Mr. Brainerd would regard these things as important. His wide travel has made him hold very liberal, if not absolutely loose religious opinions. I suspect they are tinged with German philosophy."

The dinner suddenly closed this conversation, but it had startled a new doubt, and perplexity had been sprung in Janet's mind. She had yielded herself unquestioning to the magnetic influence of Ralph Brainerd. She was peculiarly susceptible to graces of manner and gifts of conversation like this man's. He had held her in enthusiastic admiration for days. Her conscience had never once signaled to her the necessity of analyzing the nature of this man's influence, and searching whether it was altogether a healthful one. Do not mistake me here. He had as yet only pleased her fancies; he had not reached her heart. But now she began to ask herself what lay beyond the bright wreaths and festoons of his talk. Did they rest on pillars of solid principle and true purpose, or were they only the graceful drapery around waste, and barrenness, and ruin? In what moral climate did this man's soul habitually dwell? The more she questioned, the more troubled she became. She recalled now that first impression of him. She had been reading recently a life of Aaron Burr, and during her first interview with Ralph Brainerd, the thought of the former would constantly recur to her mind. But the impression had been lost sight of in their subsequent acquaintance.

She told herself now that she was unjust to Ralph Brainerd, to admit for a moment any suspicion of the man's moral integrity, and yet when she tried to fortify herself against these suspicions by recalling some expression on his part that indicated either love of truth or reverence of right, none presented itself. In all that eloquent, bewitching talk, he had never once recognized God in the earth. Did he scoff at these things? Was the soul underneath that polished manner, that felicitous talk, the hard and barren soul of a confirmed sceptic? Beneath this man's character rolled the dark and mighty river of selfishness and sin.

With a shudder Janet Strong asked herself these questions. With a shudder she put them away from her. Guy Humphreys and his father-in-law, and both were keen judges of men, had no suspicions of this kind, she knew, neither had Mrs. Winchester nor her daughter, nor Wealthy Dana, all of whom had so much wider acquaintance with, and doubtless so much better knowledge of human nature than herself.

"It must be that I am a fool—a poor, ignorant little fool," said Janet, smiling half drearily to herself; but those stubborn instincts of

hers were on the alert, and she walked in a higher moral atmosphere than the cultivated men and women about her; and when Ralph Brainerd was summoned there, the true features of his character disclosed themselves as they could not in a lower one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Georgie.

BY BELLA ST. AUBYN.

What a quaint, odd little specimen of humanity! I could not help laughing every time I looked into the droll little face, with its white teeth displayed, in the most impish of smiles, and eyes as black as a sloc, twinkling like stars! I think of poor "Topsy," the creature of Mrs. Stowe's creation reproduced in real life; only the face is yellow instead of black, and the features, even rather handsome than homely.

This little creature is a "fixture" in our present home, and a source of unusual interest and amusement. The way we came to have her, is this:—

Shortly after coming South, Mrs. D—— and I went to visit a lady friend twelve miles north of P——. While there, the conversation of the party turned upon "cruelty to slaves." My experiences had not been such as to confirm me in a belief of all I heard upon this subject, and through charitable feeling, I believe solely, I tried in a measure to defend them.

"I lived in Virginia many years," I said, in answer to Colonel B——, who had drawn me out thus by some remark, "and I never saw anything of the kind in my life. My guardian had hosts of negroes, but I never knew one punished by the lash on his plantation; and though I occasionally heard of such things on others, I scarcely believed them. It seems to me that this evil has been magnified. I cannot believe that men in a Christianized country can be such cruel monsters as represented. Their own interests, if no more, would prove something of a check to them in such wholesale butchery as we hear of now-a-days."

"There you mistake, though one would naturally think so," was the reply. "Even now, when circumstances of war have deprived them of nearly every slave they possess, some of these people are so in the habit of treating their slaves brutally, they cannot

refrain from it. As a proof of this, there was a woman come here to me two or three days since, with the whole side of her head gashed to the skull. She said her master did it with the axe-handle. I at once sent to have him arrested, but luckily he came in before they could reach his house with the order. In reply to my question as to the cause of such treatment, he said the 'cuss had been saucy to his wife, and he couldn't stand that.'

"Further questions revealed the truth. The master had bidden her do one thing—the mistress called her to do another, and between the two the poor thing was driven too close. She made reply to her mistress, that 'she could not do two things at once,' for which she got knocked down and mutilated as described, with the axe-handle."

I shuddered. Colonel B——'s veracity was unquestionable. He continued—

"I have, furthermore, seen enough since I came into Tennessee, to convince me that what we have heard has been only too true. Out of fifty men and women, you will not be able to find one free from a scarred back. They are striped and calloused in ridges by the cruel whip. My God! It makes my flesh creep to see them!"

I looked up astonished. This man, to use such strong language, must indeed be deeply moved. In every sense, I looked upon him as a gentleman, and an earnestly practical Christian. He went on for some little time longer, detailing these facts, but was finally called away on business. When he had gone, his wife said, turning to me—

"You and Mrs. D—— must see Georgianna."

"Who is Georgianna?" asked Mrs. D——.

"A little darkey. Oh, dear," and she laughed a little. "It is too amusing, to listen to these queer little things—yet it is no laughing matter. An old lady came in from the country to-day, who claims to be strongly Union. She is loyal, too, I dare say. When she came up stairs, I was down in the kitchen, and Georgie came creeping in, her black eyes twinkling—

"My granmodder's up stars,' she began, in her shy, cunning way, and then chuckled.

"What! your grandmother? What do you mean? That is Mrs. Hays, I said, horror-struck at the child's audacity.

"Well, ole Miss Hays my granmodder,' the black eyes still twinkling. I then left her and came up stairs to see the old lady, charging the cook to keep the child below. I was

fearful that something like this should escape the little rogue in her presence. My care, however, proved futile. Once when I was out, the young one slipped into the room and let the cat out of the bag. Of course poor Mrs. Hays was dumbfounded. She had never owned a slave herself, and that one should claim to be her granddaughter was too much for her equanimity. But I can give you no idea without an illustration. I will have her up here."

In a few moments "Georgie" was ushered in, with her fingers in her mouth.

"Come and talk to these ladies, Georgie," said Mrs. B——, kindly. "Tell them where your mother is."

The child looked up quickly, her young face dropping into immediate sadness.

"My mammy dead," with a long drawl.

"When did she die?"

"Las' week, my mammy die."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Ole Bill Steers whipped her to def."

"What for—why did he whip her?"

"I dunno."

Here the little bright eyes swam humbly, and a deep flush rose to the swarthy skin. We could see the blush by the darker hue of the face. Mrs. D—— took up the dropped catechism.

"Where is your master, Georgie?"

"He in de war."

"And your mistress? where is she?"

"She dead. She die wid a Bull Whip in her han'."

"Why, what is that? What was she doing with such a whip?"

"She was goin' to whip two darkey boys in de kitchen, an' fell right down wid de whip in her han'. Dey mose broke de han' to get it away from her."

"Horrors!" ejaculated the tender-hearted Mrs. D——, who was indignant as well as pitiful over this story, uttered with the uncalculating precision of childhood.

"Well, Georgie, what did the boys do when their mistress fell dead?"

"Dey got on de table an' begun to eat der breakfast," and here the eyes twinkled again.

"Was your master there?"

"Yes, mom. He put up his hans' an' cry jus so," imitating him. "But I darsent talk any more about my missus!" mysteriously.

"Why not?"

"She come back an' scratch my eyes right out."

"No, no, that is impossible. Dead people cannot come back again. You must not think such things as that," put in Mrs. B——.

I sighed, and asked in my turn—

"Georgie, can you tell me where people go when they die?"

"I dunno, Miss."

"Do you know anything about God?"

"No mom. Nebber hear anything about dat."

Poor child; ignorant, superstitious, and all alone in the wide world!

"Child, tell Mrs. D—— where your father is now," said Mrs. B——, willing to drive us away from sadder thoughts.

The old twinkle flashed back to the eyes, and she laughed bashfully—

"Ole Miss Hays' son my fader."

"Where is he?"

"In de war."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No, mom."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes, mom. My mammy use to take me on her lap and hole me. Dey aint anybody now."

The simple pathos of the little outcast's tones was more touching than we could bear.

All questioning ceased, and she was sent below.

"I feel so badly to think of leaving her,"

said Mrs. B——. "She was brought in by some of the negroes a few days since, and I find her really bright and smart. If I was not going away, I think I could make something of her. But, as it is, I cannot take her with me, and we must leave in a few days."

"I want a smart little girl, and will take her home with me," replied Mrs. D——, whose benevolence is practical, but never noisy; and accordingly, when we started, "Georgie" was perched beside the driver on the front seat of the carriage.

She has been with us now three weeks, and has proved little trouble. When the band is playing before the door, her little impish face may be seen about among the evergreens. If I go below stairs, her eyes shine upon me from some nook or other. She seems everywhere, and yet not troublesome. In her neat shoes and frock, with chintz apron, she looks nicely enough, and when led, can sing like a bird—a peculiar power and sweetness in her voice. That she is capable of culture, no one who sees her can doubt for a moment. I can look forward to the future and fancy her

grown up, intelligent, good and useful. God bless the high-minded, noble-souled little woman who has taken upon herself the task of making her such.

A Plea for Grandfathers.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"Mattie, Mattie, what are you saying?" and Mrs. Martyn caught up the grieving face of her little eight-year-old girl between her two hands, and looked earnestly into the brown eyes that were at that moment gleaming out, a real wicked expression in them. "Oh, Mattie! don't want to go to Heaven if poor grandpa is going there!—poor dear old grandpa, with his snow-white head and his bent body, who loves his Mattie so!"

And the mother pressed the child's head close to her bosom, and talked long and soothingly, until Mattie's fit of anger had past away with repentant tears and good promises.

Grandpa had scolded, the evening before, when Mattie's little friends were romping through the sitting-room; had said he did not approve of little folks having parties; that times had sadly changed since his childhood.

He was not happy—times had changed—the strong arm that forty years before had stoutly swung the axe in the unbroken forest, was quite palsied now; the rare roses that twined about the lattice of his now luxurious home were not half so sweet to him as were the red and blue morning-glories, that used to swing their dewy bells around the little square windows in his rude yet picturesque log cabin. Poor grandfather! What did he care for the splendid gold-headed cane that his dutiful sons had presented him with!

He tried to be happy—tried to romp with the little ones, in bare plump shoulders and with long, bright, rippling hair; but even then his thoughts would go away back half a century to a little grave made in the fresh, wild ground, under the oaks and among the violets—the grave of his heart's best treasure, his little Susy.

Susy's hair was worn in braids, though—braids were the tidiest—her little shoulders, snowy and dimpled, were never uncovered, and exposed to the cold, damp air; her sweet fat arms were too precious to be bared to the rough winds. That was long, long ago, and he wonders with almost a child-wonder if

Susy in Heaven is still a child, or is she older, and larger, and wiser; and thinking thus, his thoughts all run together, until he is bewildered, and rubs his eyes and swallows down the sob, or whatever it is, that rises up chokingly in his throat. Poor grandfather!

That night, after Mattie was asleep, her father and mother were sitting alone in the parlor. There was something on Mrs. Martyn's mind that troubled her. At last she spoke out, leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on the table, close to where her husband sat—spoke in a half dreamy sort of way as though talking to herself alone—

"I am afraid I am not doing my whole duty—not doing all I shall wish I had when the time comes in which I must give an account of my stewardship. William," and she spoke the name slowly, musically, "do you think we are doing all we can to make grandpa happy?" and her red lip trembled, just a little quiver.

"Why, Mary, I guess so!" and he raised his eyebrows in quick surprise; "he has plenty to eat, drink, and wear, plenty of money; what more does he need?" and the strong man of the world, full of health and hope and vigor, leaned back and thrust his white fingers through his beautiful masses of brown hair.

"I know," she said, "that all the mere wants of the body are abundantly supplied; but for a man like he has been, reared to habits of industry, obliged to toil early and late till the prime of his manhood was past, and then giving all into your hands and settling down like a nonentity—nothing to do but read, and eat, and sleep, and walk about, and pass away the time as best he can—I believe it is killing him. No wonder he is cross and ill-natured at times. Bel Ward told me when I married you that grandpa would be a thorn in my side; but I said not, if I did my duty; and I well remember the first night after I came to this beautiful home, of going into my little room and asking God upon my knees to help me and sustain me in trying to do my duty to poor old grandpa, and solemnly and earnestly I vowed this—if I was blest with children that they might in my old age treat me just as I had treated grandpa. That the very same would be meted out to me that I meted to him. And now I feel as if something was wrong; that I was not doing all for him that I should. To-night Mattie pouted, and said she didn't want to go to Heaven if grandpa did, for he would be scolding her all the time. I want

my children in coming years to look back upon their grandfather as the embodiment of all things good. One of the sweetest pictures framed in my memory is that of my dear old grandfather. Now I will tell you one thing I have thought of that would be sure to please him. Rent him a little spot of ground, as near home as you can get it, and let him have it for his own, and raise whatever he likes. You and the boys could help him some, and I believe he would be delighted, and the boys too; and besides, he would have something to divert his mind. Grandpa is too energetic a man to settle down and do nothing."

Mary Martyn's eyes beamed with a new light in them, while her husband, overtaken through the day and with no time to think up new projects, laughed and rubbed his hands, and said, "Just the very thing for him and the boys—they will love to work in the ground, and will take to it like moles. Why Mary!" and they both rejoiced over the new plan, and thought much good might come from it.

"Is that Grandfather Martyn? Why how well he looks! he's not bent over like he used to be, and his face isn't so haggard and sad-looking—how he has brightened up! why he is a real genial old man now, and his smile is as tender as a good woman's!" and the two ladies, to whom grandpa had really touched his hat and smiled the woman's smile, passed on, while the blessed old man (with a new lease of life shining all over him) and the grandsons went rattling down the street in a little spring-wagon, drawn by a funny, rollicky old nag, tossing its head up and down, and making its long mane wave and shake and shine in the summer sunlight.

Such a glad, thankful soul looks out of Mrs. Martyn's eyes as the noisy little wagon stops, and she comes to help grandpa out. He don't need so much help now; and he hands down his basket of delicious strawberries, daintily and tastefully covered with green leaves, and then a larger basket full of crispy, crinkled cool lettuce, marrowfat peas in great impertinent-looking pods, and tender radishes, pinky as the inmost heart of a sea-shell.

Dear grandpa! see the brown earth that he loves so well sticking to his dear old fingers moistly yet! And the rare old smell of it is on his sleeves and wristband! How the children do love the genial old man! And when they sit down to a real country tea, how grandly his old crowned head poises upon his shoulders—like a general's, only that his is

crowned with the white honors of long and well-spent years, and he will wear his even down to the grave. And he eats now as though he had a glorious right to the good things spread before them. He helped to earn them; and how much better his berries and vegetables taste than those bought in market—old, soured, bruised fruits, radishes shrunken and wilting and handled over, and peas that bear evidence of having been shifted from basket to wagon, and wagon to basket, till all the freshness was shifted out of them. The strawberries, with the rich cream spreading over them, tempted the little Mattie to say—

"Grandpa, you do raise the best and cleanest things—they are just too pretty to eat right down!"

And the old man, slowly drifting back to childhood again, laughs a little short, embarrassed laugh, while in his heart he feels that "My son's family couldn't very well get along without me."

Oh, the smell of the ground in which he had dug and dug for so many long years, was the blessed elixir that revived his idle and wasting energies! The fragrance of the old woods, and the haying time, and of the freshly-stirred soil, is the sweetest of all fragrance to one whose prime of life has been spent in the country. Times may change, but our grandfathers cannot grow away from these things.

Many were the pleasant surprises that Mary Martyn, the noble and faithful daughter-in-law, planned for the old man, the remnant of whose life was hers to sadden or bless. She let him smoke his pipe wherever he pleased, and did not fret for fear the odor would settle in the curtains, or taint the air in her best parlor, and offend the noses of any of the Grundys. Grandpa's happiness was not weighed in the balance with Mrs. Grundy's favor. It was worth more than such mere trifles.

Sometimes she would invite the few remaining old men of his early acquaintance to spend an evening with grandpa, and they would sing together from the old, old music-books, China, and Mear, and Wells, and Coronation, and Old Hundred, and the plaintive and gloriously beautiful old Anthems. Oh, they would feel themselves boys again—the unstrung nerves would thrill with a joy and a strength as of manhood's prime, and the weakened, halting pulses would quicken to the sweet music of long ago!

It was on an occasion like this that Mattie,

who sat leaning against her mother, whispered—

"I wish I hadn't said that naughty talk about grandpa once, mother—don't he look just real sweet and handsome, and don't he love these old kinds of songs? I know he'll sing them in Heaven!"

Mrs. Martyn, her eyes misty with tears, looked at the unconscious grandpa; and how like an angel's was the pure, benign expression that so softly and gently shone in his countenance. And she blest God as the words of her vow came up before her—"As I mete out kindness to him may my children mete it out to me"—and the angels about her heard her grateful prayer, full of thanks and rejoicing, for the light that had come to her in years ago.

At Horseneck.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I stood upon the craggy steep,
Where Putnam took his fearful leap;
And glancing from the hill-top, round
Upon this memorable ground,
My thoughts went back to long ago,
When England was the nation's foe.
And here I thought, perchance, did stand
A remnant of that British band,
While down the cliff, with lightning speed,
Went Putnam and his noble steed;
And lost in awe of man or brute,
None dared to venture in pursuit.
O'er crag and rock the grass has grown,
While years to join the past have flown;
And Time, where'er our steps repair,
Has left a changeful record there.
Here a few graves have sacred place;
The name and date I scarce can trace;
The moss-grown, mouldering tablets show
These lived, and perished, long ago.
The loving hands, whose tender care
Kept fresh and green the verdure there,
And with sweet flowers, at early morn,
These shrines beloved did adorn,
Come never more, alas! for they
Have passed from earthly love away.
Perchance in foreign climes they fell;
Where they are sleeping—who can tell?
Here strangers' feet may press the mound,
And idly walk o'er hallowed ground;
With careless finger trace the name
Of these who died to earth and fame.
Not lost to fame, since thus allied
To deeds that are a nation's pride,
They cross the summit of the steep,
Where Putnam made his famous leap.

A Dilemma.

BY ELLEN DERRY.

See poor old Aunt Abby! What a pitiful figure she makes. Her old goose is dead—the old goose she has been saving so long to make a feather bed. Somebody came and told her so more than an hour ago. She stands there, with her mouth partly open, the under lip hanging down in an undecided sort of way, and the corners of her eyelids drooping as she looks first at the poor old goose she holds in her hand, and then helplessly around as if to ask counsel of some one. Clearly Aunt Abby is in trouble. But it is not about the death of the goose that she is at the present moment chiefly exercised. That she accepts as something that is past, and cannot be helped, although she is sorry for it. The question now in her mind is, whether she shall bury the poor old goose with its feathers on, or pull them off to add to the stock she has already accumulated for the proposed feather bed. There are several pros and cons to the matter, and so she stands there, and suffers the wind to frizzle her gray hair and twist her cap awry, while her jaw droops lower and lower, and her eyebrows draw closer together, and she mutters to herself ever and anon, "I am in a dilemma."

And she has always been in a dilemma. When she was an infant, she never could tell whether she wanted to be rocked to sleep in the cradle, or in her mother's arms, so she would change from the one to the other until she had exhausted the patience of all concerned; when her mother would sometimes settle the matter by slapping her soundly, and leaving her to cry herself to sleep in the cradle. When she grew older, she spent so much time deliberating over whether she should go to school or study at home, that she found herself old enough to get married without having acquired a decent education. That she accepted as something that could not be helped now, and set herself to work to settle the next great question in life.

She could not decide which she liked the best, Harry Jones with the nice little side whiskers—all that fashion allowed young men in those days—and the thriving store in the village, or Seth Hamlin, with no whiskers at all, and the fine rolling farm on the river side. She hesitated so long about it that both young men grew tired, and took to themselves wives of a more decided turn of mind. Then, in a fit of vexation, her father settled the matter

for her, and she became the wife of red-headed Joe Walters the carpenter. When her eldest son got to be quite a lad, she could not decide whether to have him put to a trade or sent to college; and, while his father was patiently waiting for her to settle the question, the boy ran away and went to sea. Her daughters astonished her by getting married before she had decided whether they should put on long dresses, or wear short ones a while longer. Her hens perpetually astonished and perplexed her by coming off with whole broods of chickens, hatched while she was trying to decide whether she would sell the eggs or pack them down.

Her pigs destroyed her garden while she was settling whether they should run in a pasture or be put in a pen. Her fruit rotted on the trees and bushes before she could tell whether to dry it, can it, preserve it, or sell it. Her husband wore ragged linen, and went out at elbows half the time, because she could not tell whether bleached or unbleached was the most suitable for shirts, or whether homespun or Kentucky jean served best for every-day wear. She spent time enough to have earned half a dozen new dresses in deciding whether her black silk should be turned down side up or up side down, or whether she should dye her old drab merino green or brown. So she has gone through life in a half state of mournful resignation to the unruly past, and questioning and debating with regard to the future.

So she stands trembling in the winter wind, with the goose in her hand, until her grandson Joe comes along, and, comprehending the state of the case in an instant, takes the bird from her hand, and bidding her go in out of the cold, he proceeds to strip off the feathers preparatory to burying it. As he does so he mutters to himself—and you scarcely know whether he means the bird or the woman—

POOR OLD GOOSE!

OUR MOTHER.—Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is, that we think of the mother, the good mother we have lost.

The Early Spring Bird.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

Out in the boughs of the leafless tree,
Thy beautiful songs, sweet bird,
Are rippling with gladness as wild and free,
As though amid summer's minstrelsy
Thy soft blending notes were heard.

Yet, many a dark storm of frost and sleet
May pass in their wailings by,
Ere the spring will come with her zephyrs sweet,
And tenderly from the dead winter's feet
The sandals of ice untie.

Ah! worn now and wasted, his breath grows faint,
And tears down his wan cheeks rain,
Perchance with this tender and dying plaint
He lists thy sweet hymns, as a weary saint
At last hears the Angel's strain.

Thrice dearer, bright bird, while the storm-cloud
lowers,
Is the sound of thy silvery lays,
Thy sonnets of cheer in the wintry bowers,
Are heralds of love from the coming flowers
And radiant sunlit days.

So dear is a friend in the loneliness
Of desolate paths of gloom,
Whose ministries kindly will soothe and bless,
And point from the thick-tangled wilderness
To redolent fields of bloom.

I ask not if thou hast a golden wing,
But if it will cease to roam,
With thee I will watch for the beautiful spring,
And thou shalt instruct the sad heart to sing
And gladden a stranger's home.

SPENCERPORT, N. Y., FEB. 1863.

Self-Love.

When looking downward and away from heaven, love becomes the glowing, consuming fire of lust, feeding upon itself; and destroying, not giving life. Never satisfied, never at rest, never enjoying; but always seeking with a parched thirst; forever desiring with greedy longing, with fretful complainings and murmurings; filled with grief, because always disappointed and deluded; gnawing its own vitals, and fitfully pursuing false and deceitful phantoms, until burnt up by its impure fires, and altogether corrupted by the corroding ulcers of its actual life, it destroys the image and likeness of the Creator, and sinks its victim into the eternal night of a spiritual death.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Songs for the Nursery.

BY M. D. B.

Not only should the largest and best ventilated room in the dwelling be appropriated to the children, whether for sleeping or play, but it should be on the sunny side of the house, so as to be cheerful and light as possible. A room fronting the north, where the sun's rays cannot penetrate but for a short time in the day, is not only gloomy almost all the year round, but is positively unhealthy. Many instances of sickness have been known to become obstinate and unyielding to medical aid, until the apartment has been changed to a more pleasant location, when an astonishing change for the better takes place both in the bodily and mental condition of the invalid.

Having chosen the place aright, then surround it with everything that is bright and animating. In summer let the view from the windows rest if possible on green and flowering plants, shade trees, and as much of the lovely blue of the skies as may be permitted to a denizen of the city. If your residence be in the open country, there is less need to be particular in enforcing this point, for there a bountiful Providence has made "all nature beauty to the eye, and music to the ear."

But to the dweller both in town and country there are seasons when sombre hues prevail in the landscape, and require some artificial aid to render an apartment pleasant. Green-house plants, beautiful exotics, that flourish and bloom in January as well as in June, are delightful tenants of our conservatories and ornaments of our parlors. Why should they not be grouped on stands and in the sunny windows of the nursery, to please the children? How many pleasant lessons may be learned from a favorite flower!—how many otherwise unemployed moments devoted to its culture and care!

Some very beautiful additions to this "winter garden" may be made by hanging baskets, where moss and earth, filled with pendent plants that require but little moisture, present a very charming appearance. A large pine cone, with its open seed-vessels sprinkled with grass seeds on a sufficient quantity of mould; a sprouted sweet potato or turnip, hollowed out to contain a daily supply of water, make very pretty ornaments, and may be fashioned by the children themselves. Something green, something refreshing to the eye to rest upon, is all that is wanted, and may be furnished without any great outlay of money or time.

It must be observed, however, that the presence of flowers or green-house shrubs in a sleeping apartment is deleterious to health, as all plants give out noxious gases by night, and render the

air very unpleasant and even dangerous for delicate persons to inhale. Care should be taken that they be removed as the day closes in, and before the atmosphere becomes vitiated.

But there are other ways to make the nursery the pleasantest room in the house. There may be sunshine and flowers, but what are these without the bird songs, that, like air-harps, are hung on every bush and tree?—and who have voices more attuned to harmony than children, with their young, flexible organs of sound, and ears acute to catch melodious tones and numbers?

All persons who have the care of young children should cultivate a love for music. They may not be proficient in the art, but a sweet, clear voice, an acquaintance with some simple familiar tunes, an adaptation of these to peculiar circumstances and dispositions, are indispensable in one who has for the greater part of the day and perhaps the whole of the night, the task of soothing a sick or irritable child. Mothers in the lower walks of life know this by intuition. They sing their babies to sleep with the songs that bring pleasant reminders of their own childhood. And it is now as in the days of the fabled Orpheus—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." What a counter-irritant has it often proved to the little fretful one, stirring up its susceptible feelings, and bringing it to repentance and tears.

But what kind of songs are proper for the nursery? Certainly they should be pure and holy, adapted to the wants of those whom we would love to keep "unspeckled from the world." The *arias* of an opera, the trills and cadences of a *prima donna*, are as much out of place in a company of children, as the superb *camelia* would be in the depths of a lone forest, by the side of the wild rose or lily of the valley. Plaintive little airs, touching and simple melodies that thrill the heart, are those which soothe the feelings into tenderness, and live in our memories for a lifetime.

What are some of the sweetest recollections of our childhood? Are they not those hallowed moments, when the long summer twilight lingered in the skies, and our sainted mothers and grandmothers sang to us the songs of Zion? How well we remember those voices, now stilled in death! How the words and melodies they loved come down to us like a sacred heir-loom! Have we forgotten them for a season in the cares and pressing anxieties of this work-a-day world? It may be so; but they come back to us ever and anon, in all their freshness, and at no time so vividly as when we sing them to our children, and breathe out a prayer and a blessing with them.

Children will be all the better for these songs of the nursery. Mothers will find them a sedative

for irritable feelings, whether of parent or child. The little ones love them; for they have natural æsthetic tastes, and are quick in learning what pleases them. Give them then the free, sweet air, the flowers that beautify and make glad the earth; but above all give them songs for their fresh young voices, and you will make the nursery not only the pleasantest but the happiest place for both mother and child.

PARKESBURG, CHESTER CO., PA.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Lost in the Streets.

BY S. E. P.

The hundreds of young eyes that read the Home Magazine, open every morning on far distant and different scenes. Some wake to look out upon brick walls and paved streets, while their ears hear the roll of omnibuses, the rattling of carriages and the confusion of voices in great cities. Others open their eyes to see the sunlight streaming through trees and vines; and look from their windows over hills and valleys, or rolling prairies, or towering mountains. Some see the sun rise from the Atlantic, to shed his earliest rays upon the shores of New England; while others, like those whose voices I now hear in the next room, see him climb over the heights of the Sierra Nevada, to glow and smile upon sweet California valleys.

Yet, far separated as those young readers are, the copies of the Home Magazine which they read are all printed in one place—the city of Philadelphia. I suppose many of them, as they seize the new "Arthur's Home," cut the leaves, and eagerly peruse its beautiful stories, scarcely once reflect where it comes from, and they may deem it strange when I tell them that here, in far-western California, within a hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean, I never look at its pictured cover and see the words, "Walnut street, Philadelphia," without seeming directly to be walking the broad, brick pavements of that beautiful city. I am a little child again. Sometimes I am going with my sister on an errand, and I see the gay shops as we pass them, and feel again the thrill of childish admiration with which I looked at a neatly dressed lady in a Thread and Needle Store, to which mother sent us for some sewing materials. How plainly I see her go to the glass case to get what my sister asked for, speaking so pleasantly in reply to Hattie's inquiries about the price, quality, &c. And then, when she looked at me with a smile, addressed me as a "little dear," and said I had had a very long walk for such a delicate-looking, tiny thing—how I felt my heart swell with gratitude and my eyes dance with delight.

I think it is impossible for us to set too high a value on a loving heart, kind words and gentle smiles. The things I am now writing of happened

many years ago; the lady, if she still lives, must be quite aged—she may long since have left this world. I never saw her afterwards. I do not know her name, yet her neat, small figure and sweet face fill a quiet niche in the picture-gallery of my heart; her pleasant words filled my childish soul with joy, and lightened the patter of my little, weary feet in the rather long walk home.

For some time after that, I can remember building a small series of air-castles, in which I grew to be a lady, and kept a very neatly arranged Thread and Needle Store, all my customers being little girls who brought with them their younger sisters, to all of whom I sold pins and needles, thread and tape very cheap, and spoke—to the smallest ones especially—very affectionate, kindly words. How many angry expressions were suppressed, how many loving words spoken under the influence of those pleasant fancies, I cannot say; but I question not that that lady taught me, in a few moments, a lesson of gentleness and loving ways for which I look back through forty years and thank her.

But I was speaking of my recollections of the streets of Philadelphia. It would take me long to describe all the scenes that rise and move as a panorama before my mind's eye, when I see those words, "Walnut street, Philadelphia." Sometimes I am walking with my father and mother, my hand held tenderly in one of theirs, and we are returning from church. Again, I am going with my sister to school—just for a visit—for I was then too young to be a regular scholar. Thanks to my beloved parents they never, though they were poor, sent me to school to get me out of the way. Busy as they were with their daily toil, they, with my brothers, taught me to read, write and cipher, before I had ever spent many hours on the hard seats and in the close atmosphere of a school-room. But the scene which just now rises most vividly before me is not one of the bright, cheerful day-scenes of my early life; it is twilight, deepening, darkening twilight. From the house in which we, at that time, lived, we could see the windows of an apothecary shop. It was across the street and some distance up, occupying a corner building and having a door on each street. Often, after the lamps were lit, I had stood at the front door of our house and admired the shining blue, and red, and yellow bottles displayed in the

great bow-window at the corner. Of course I was much pleased when, one autumn evening just about sunset, my father gave my sister an errand to do at that very store, and mother said I might go with her. Sister Hattie was older than I, and the store was in full sight of home, so, though the evening shades were deepening every moment, no fears could be entertained of any danger. We were soon at the store, and while the shopman was tying up our package, we walked about looking at the colored bottles, and at the curious things in the showcases on the counter. It was, as I said, a corner store, with doors on two different streets. A counter extended from near each door to the back of the apartment, the two counters, of course, meeting each other at right angles in the corner farthest from both doors. As we walked slowly along beside the counter, looking into the glass cases and chatting busily about their contents, we unconsciously passed round from the south door at which we had entered to the east door. Just as we had completed this round and were all absorbed by the various new things we saw, the shopman came to us and handed Hattie the package. She paid him, and we went out at the door nearest to us, never reflecting that it was a different one from that by which we had entered. Having taken this wrong start we, of course, took a street which led us, not exactly in an opposite direction from home, but at right angles with that which we should have taken. For a while we suspected nothing wrong. A little twilight still lingered, and there were lights in the stores which amused us as we passed along. But when we had gone a whole square and came to the next corner we suddenly stopped, remembering that we should ere this have arrived at home. I was a timid wee bit of a thing, the youngest and the pet, and a thrill of chilling fear made me tremble from head to foot at the thought of being lost. But Hattie, always sanguine, full of lively fearlessness and somewhat rash, only laughed, chided my cowardice, said we had turned the wrong way, and, holding my hand firmly in hers, crossed the street and turning a corner, said she guessed we would be home in a few minutes.

We walked on for some distance, looking more and more closely, as the darkness deepened, to find some familiar object; but soon we had passed beyond the lighted stores—quiet houses with closed doors and shutters stood on each side of the street, and we met fewer and fewer persons on the sidewalk. My poor little timid heart had been sinking lower and lower for some time, and I knew that my sister's step was becoming less and less resolute; but I felt as if I could not speak, and she, as I learned afterwards, was pondering in her own mind the difficulties of our situation. It was plain we were going wrong; but if we turned, which way should we go? In the darkness she had become perfectly bewildered, and could not remember how many corners she had turned, or in

which directions. If she inquired the way of any one, we might be deceived and decoyed further out of our way by some wicked person—for she was old enough to have heard of such things—besides, she feared the burst of grief and terror which she expected from me as soon as she was obliged to admit to me that she really did not know where we were. So we walked slower and slower in that dark, chilly evening—two little wanderers from the light and warmth of home—from the gentle voices and yearning hearts of father and mother. How like many older wanderers—set wrong first by thoughtlessness, impelled to a second mistake by rash impulse, and kept in the way of error by vague fears of the consequences of retraction. Had we, when we first found we were astray, gone directly back to the store from which we started, which we could then easily have done, stated plainly our mistake and obtained the proper direction, we should in a few moments have been safe at home. But now we were lost—lost in the streets of a great city in the dark night; and now we were getting away out to the very outskirts of that city; for the walk grew narrower, the houses farther still apart, and soon, to complete the feeling of loneliness, we heard the croaking of frogs. I knew the sound, for we had once, when I was very small, lived for a short time in the country, and I remembered to have been struck one evening by a sound that seemed to me very mournful. I asked an older sister what it was, and she told me it was only frogs singing; but as I did not fancy so melancholy a strain, she sat down near my little bed, where she had just laid me, and sung one of my favorite hymns. Now, the sound which then struck me as so mournful, seemed like the wail of some lost wanderer, and I clung to my sister's hand, no longer able to restrain my tears, and cried—"O, sister! we are lost! Where shall we go? What shall we do?"

While she was trying to soothe me, a gentleman approached and was about to pass us, when, hearing my sobs, he stopped and inquired what the matter. Assured by his kindly voice, Hattie told him our circumstances. Upon inquiring particularly where we lived, he expressed much surprise and concern to find that we were more than a mile from home. Hattie could only account for the distance by recollecting that when she first discovered we were going wrong, she had felt so certain she should be right by that first hasty turn, and so anxious to get me home quick, that she had hurried me on and walked very fast.

The gentleman expressed much sympathy for me; and my almost bursting heart was soothed by his assurance that he would go with us to the street my sister named, and try to find our home. With one hand in my sister's, and the other in his, I almost forgot my weariness, and was soon again amused by the increasing number of lighted windows in the streets; but when Hattie spoke of my anxiety father and mother must feel about

us, then I thought of mother's tender heart and father's watchful care, and again the tears were running down my cheeks, and I wanted to fly home and show them we were safe.

We had now come to where there were many stores brightly lighted up, and many lamps in the streets, when suddenly my sister exclaimed—"There is father looking for us!" and, springing forward, I was in a minute clasped in his arms, while Hattie was close at his side. In a few words she told him of the gentleman's kindness, and my father hastened to thank him, and express his wish that he could in some way make him amends for the trouble he had taken. But the gentleman made light of the matter, and turning with a pleasant "good-evening," disappeared.

I never saw his face distinctly—I have a dim recollection of his form as he approached us in the darkness—I seem to hear again his kind assuring voice, and feel the firm pressure of his hand, as he supported my weary footsteps—and that is all I ever knew, or probably ever shall in this world know, of him. Yet how often have I thought of him since—how often wondered who he was—what kind of a home he went to that night—hoped it was a happy one, and that he had good children, who would love him all the better when he told them of the two little wanderers he had that evening restored to their father. I hope he was a good man. I hope he has since that time turned many wandering sinners into the right road to their Heavenly Father's house; and I hope, by and by, when he and they have all reached there, I may be permitted to see him in that blessed abode—and I know I shall know him then—and I will remind him of the little lost girls he found that dark night in the streets of Philadelphia, and thank him for leading them so kindly back to their father; and thank him, too, for the pleasant memories he left in my heart. For, since that night, I have walked many a weary mile, and though I cannot remember to have been "lost" more than once since then, still, as I have trod desert sands in dark nights, or looked up from deep, narrow mountain passes to the stars glimmering through overhanging pine trees, the memory of that time has come back to me, and I have smiled with renewed hope and confidence that I, with my loved ones, should be led safely through darkness and danger by that same Almighty Friend who sent the stranger, with his pleasant voice and strong hand, to cheer and guide me when a little child, lost in the streets of Philadelphia.

A little girl was directed to open the door for General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her, he said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she sweetly replied, "it was to let you in."

I Talk with Charliq.

BY GERTRUDE T. W.

This morning Charlie arose very much out of humor; everything vexed him. At last he became exceedingly angry—not only with his playthings, but with himself for getting in such a passion. I was grieved, and said—

"I fear my little boy has a bad spirit in him this morning."

"I know it," he replied; "and I know that Satan is pleased now."

I believe the child was right; for, though he was conscious that he was doing wrong, it seemed impossible for him to do right. I watched him carefully, though I said little. An evil spirit, like a dark cloud, hovered about him, and for a time that little one seemed powerless for good. Presently I said—

"Charlie, don't you think if you were to pray for the good spirit to come back that you could 'smile up your face' again? Suppose you try."

He needed but the hint, for instantly he dropped upon his knees, and, resting his face in his hands, he composed and offered this simple prayer—"Oh, God, wont you take this bad spirit from me."

Then, rising from his knees, he turned to me as calm and serene a face as ever I looked upon, and kissed me. Doubtless his prayer was heard; for the sincere petition of a five-year-old little boy does not fail to reach the Father's ear. During the whole day he was unusually happy, and when preparing for bed he said—

"Mother, I guess Satan flies away when he sees any one on his knees; and when I feel wicked again I shall pray as I did this morning."

Dear little boy! He is now sweetly sleeping. May the angels of God ever watch over him until his earthly mission is accomplished; then, oh, Father, grant that it may rise into paradise above, where the spirit of evil never enters and where prayers will give place to praise.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

What Can I Do?

What! if the little rain should say,
"So small a thing as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky."

What! if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

MELTED BUTTER.—Flour the butter and put it into a saucepan with a little milk, stirring it carefully one way till it boils. Salt and pepper to taste. Another way is, make it with butter, flour, and a little water, with salt and pepper.

ONION SAUCE.—Boil the onions until tender, changing the water occasionally, to render them more mild. Strain and mash the onions in a bowl, adding butter and salt. Warm up again, and mix the whole thoroughly.

EGG SAUCE.—Boil the eggs very hard; when taken up, throw them into cold water; take off the shells, and chop the eggs rather fine; have ready your melted butter, into which throw them; heat it well and serve.

SAUCE FOR GAME OR POULTRY.—Put into a stewpan and set on a slow fire a quarter of a pint of white wine, a tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a bunch of sweet herbs, and spice to taste. Add to the whole some good gravy, and serve hot.

FISH SAUCE.—To about four ounces of melted butter, add three tablespoonfuls of mushroom catchup, a tablespoonful of essence of anchovies, a tablespoonful of white wine vinegar, some cayenne, and a teaspoonful of soy.

LOBSTER SAUCE.—Take the body of a boiled lobster cut or torn into small pieces, and mix it with melted butter and a little rich beef gravy, seasoning according to taste; boil them up, turning one way; the spawn of the lobster may be added to the sauce.

OYSTER SAUCE.—The oysters are to be bearded and scalded; then strain the liquor, and thicken it with a little flour and butter, adding lemon-juice in small quantity, and a few tablespoonfuls of cream. Heat the oysters well in this mixture, but do not let them boil; some persons add spices in making oyster sauce, in which case it must be left longer on the fire, simmering gently, but never being allowed to boil.

SHRIMP SAUCE.—Take some shrimps, and when you have picked them from the shell as much as you can without breaking them, put them into some good melted butter, which you have previously prepared; add a tablespoonful of lemon pickle; heat well and serve.

MINT SAUCE.—This sauce is seldom used but with roast lamb; to prepare it, pick, wash, and chop fine some green spearmint; to two table-

spoonfuls of the minced leaves put eight of vinegar, adding a little brown sugar; serve cold in a sauce-
tureen.

BREAD SAUCE.—Boil the crumb of bread with a minced onion and some whole white pepper; when the onion is cooked, take it out, as also the peppercorns, and put the bread carefully crushed through a sieve into a saucepan with cream, a little butter and salt, stirring it carefully till it boils.

LAVENDER WATER.—Take the best English oil of lavender, four drachms; oil of cloves, half a drachm; musk, five grains; best spirits of wine, six ounces; water, one ounce. Mix the oil of lavender with a little of the spirit first, then add the other ingredients, and let it stand, being kept well corked for at least two months before it is used, shaking it frequently.

VIOLET PERFUME.—Drop twelve drops of oil of rhodium on a lump of loaf sugar; grind this well in a glass mortar, and mix thoroughly with three pounds of orris root. A fine violet perfume will thus be obtained. By increasing the quantity of rhodium you will obtain a rose perfume.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Bake quickly.

TO DRESS A SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—Many consider the shoulder the most delicate part of the sheep, and the following manner of dressing it converts it at once into an excellent dish:—Parboil the shoulder, and then put it into a stewpan with a quart of good gravy and a little of the water in which it has been boiled. Add a quarter pound of well washed rice, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catchup, and let all stew gently together for one hour, or until the rice is tender. Take up the mutton out of the pan, and keep it warm before the fire; mix into the rice half a pint of rich cream and a lump of butter rolled in flour. Boil it for a few minutes, stirring it continually. Lay the mutton upon a warm dish, and arrange neatly the rice around it. Garnish with pickled walnuts.

ORANGE FRITTERS.—Take four oranges, peel them and remove the white skin and pips. Cut them into slices, and dip them in a thick batter made with eggs, milk, flour and sugar. Put some butter into a frying-pan, and when it boils fry the slices of orange after they have been thoroughly dipped in the batter. Serve with powdered sugar sprinkled over them.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Exercise for Children.

BY A. W. C.

What a difference between the little children of the present day, and those who romped and played in American homes twenty years ago! The change is as marked in the town as in the country. How well I remember the round, rosy cheeks of my little playmates, like two sound apples they always looked. I can only remember one delicate child among several dozen, and she was the daughter of a fastidious mother, who would pass creditably among the ladies of the present age. All romping and noise, and out-door plays in general, were contraband with her. The rest of us were allowed the free, pure air—morning, noon and night. It seemed we could never have enough of it. The house seemed so "shut up." If a party of little girls came to spend the afternoon, the last place in the world where we thought of playing was in the parlor. There was the delightful play-house on the lee-side of the corn-crib, with its charming rows of broken dishes, giving fully as much delight as the handsomest set of baby china ever did to our little daughters. It was not without a secret joy that we saw a fine dish shivered, and we did not need any direction to save the pieces. The soft grass was all the cushioned seat we needed, and no refreshments were ever so delicious as those dishes of strawberries, cherries and gingerbread, and slices of good country bread and butter, with which we feasted each other on these merry play-days. And then our winter sports! I should think the same exposure to cold would kill my own child, and doubtless it would in this artificial state to which we are brought; but it never hurt us. What did we care for cloaks and hoods, if we could have a good slide on the smooth ice in the meadow. Many a long-ride have I had on the mill stream, clinging fast to my brother's sled, while my mittens enjoyed a sweet repose on the shelf of the still old school-house. It made our cheeks and eyes brighter, and gave us more vigorous constitutions as capital to begin life upon. Oh what a pity that society trammels down our children so, or rather our children's mothers! Three things they must have or they cannot be healthy and vigorous—abundant sunshine, air and exercise. And the first, though so little thought of, is one of the most important not only as a preventive but also a cure of disease. Children in the city cannot get enough of out-door exercise in all ordinary cases. What then must be done? Is there no help for them? Must they grow up puny, sallow and fretful, just for want of it? Every mother has it in her power to teach her children some simple gymnastic exercises, which should be practised in a cool, well-aired room, and let mother join with them. Even the

youngest will look on it as delightful fun, and join with hearty zeal in the exercise. It is not time lost, but a great gain to mind as well as body. Let it become a settled thing in the house, and the children will learn to look for it as naturally as for their breakfast and supper. The mother will find it a great strengthener to herself also, even if she is delicate and often ill. It is just this want of exercise that helps to induce and continue the illness. Let her obtain some simple book of gymnastic exercise, if she is not familiar with the system, and a mere reading will serve to inform her on the method of practice. Surely the well-being of her children is near enough her heart to cause even greater effort than this for their proper physical development, for without it they can never develop fairly in any other department.

Cleansing the Teeth.

If you would preserve your teeth you must keep them clean. Dr. Dio Lewis has gone so far as to say that teeth, if kept perfectly clean, will never decay. Be that as it may, they are liable to decay, if the cleansing processes are neglected. The teeth should be thoroughly cleansed before retiring at night as well as in the morning. No particle of food or foreign matter should be allowed to remain between the teeth. The tooth-brush, with the bristles sufficiently stiff to accomplish the purpose, should be used in a rotary manner, so that the brush may have an upward and downward movement. In this way the bristles are inserted between the teeth, where decay first makes its appearance, and all particles of food are effectually removed. Much injury is often done to the teeth by the vigorous use of a hard brush, moving it from side to side across the teeth, which cuts away the investing membrane and causes the gums to recede, leaving the bony parts of the teeth exposed to the air and acid of the mouth, when decay is an inevitable consequence. If proper attention should be given to these simple directions, ladies and gentlemen would not be obliged to call upon their dentist so frequently for the purpose of having their teeth filled.

Tooth powders are not necessary, and frequently do injury. Camphor, and various drugs, have been much abused in this way. A gritty tooth powder will cut away the enamel of the teeth and expose them to decay. A suitable brush and cold water are all that need be used for cleansing the teeth.

Toothpicks are not only useful but indispensable in keeping the teeth clean. Goose-quills make the best picks; orangewood and ivory answer a good purpose. Metallic toothpicks should be avoided.—*Herald of Health.*

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

From the London and Paris notes on fashion we make a few selections.

The fair Parisians have adopted this season the fashion of wearing tulle ornaments among their hair for full evening dress. The Empress wore this soft aerial material last season and found it so becoming that her example is now followed by many of her subjects. The hair is dressed in very high full bandeaux in front, and among the bands bows of white tulle and black lace are arranged; in the centre bow a mother-of-pearl butterfly, and at the back a long white tulle scarf. Others wear a narrow band of blue velvet in front, and a blue feather at the side with white tulle rolled at the top of the bandeaux of hair, and falling as a scarf upon the shoulder. There is nothing like a simply arranged head of hair now to be seen in Paris and in many London ball-rooms; tier upon tier of rolls of hair, small curls on the forehead, and long ringlets at the back, puffs here and twists there, we can only marvel at the quantity of hair which we see so skillfully arranged on a single head, and draw the conclusion that the dealers in hair must be driving a brisk trade.

A subscriber, says "The Queen," wrote to us, a few days since, inquiring whether a bridal dress should be made with a high or low bodice. This depends entirely on taste, and should be regulated by the sort of wedding proposed, whether gay or quiet. We have attended lately some very gay, fashionable weddings, and, in each case, the bride's dress (generally of white satin) was made with a low bodice. For the ceremony, a sort of Marie Antoinette cape, made of puffed white tulle crossing in front, and fastened at the back with two long ends, was worn, but this was removed during the wedding-breakfast. Upon another occasion we have seen this tulle covering retained. There is no rule for such a thing; all depends upon the taste of the bride and the style of the wedding.

As for the bonnets, their chief fault lies in their looking old; the form which comes forward on the forehead, the fan-shaped ornaments on the front, have nothing graceful or youthful about them. Our belles adopt bonnets made of pink, lilac, or blue satin, drawn lengthways, with a considerable distance between each drawing; the curtain is also drawn. White blonde is carried round the edge of the front, but I cannot say it is a pretty style. Plain terry velvet bonnets are, I think, to be preferred; a bow of the same, with a white buckle in the centre upon the outside, and the edge of the front trimmed with a network of white feathers. Bonnets are also made as dresses, with white over-color; thus, white tulle over either lilac or pink

silk, the trimmings being of velvet of the same color as the silk; another style is to cover the bonnet with puffed tulle, and then to confine it at certain distances with tiny flowers or crystal beads.

I cannot refrain, says a correspondent of "The Queen," from describing to you some novelties which I have seen to-day in Paris, as it would be very easy to imitate them, and some of your readers might like to do so. The first thing I have to notice is an undersleeve of *mousseline de laine*, of all colors, embroidered with black, but the white were by far the prettiest. They are cut large and round to within five inches of the wrist, where they are cut with a sharp slant to the circumference of the wrist, round which a very narrow frill is placed, with a row of black braid at the edge. Round the wrist a pattern is worked with raised braid, and continued up the slanting piece. The seam is at the back.

An extremely elegant pair of house-boots next arrested my attention. They were formed of rich maroon-colored velvet, reaching higher up the ankle than the ordinary boot, but not so high as the Polish (which is much worn here). They fastened up the front, which was adorned with a double piece of ermine, one piece on each side; the ermine was carried round the ankle. On the toe a flat bow of ermine velvet added much to the pretty appearance of the boot, and hid the join in the fur. Another pair were of black velvet, with sable fur, made in the same manner, with the addition of flat bows of ribbon velvet, also black, at regular distances on the sable. They were very pretty. I should also like to describe a very charming baby's bonnet. It was formed like a hood, but flat at the back, and plaited with one or two broad plaits round the side of the head. The material was white plush. A deep curtain all round was added, and so was the front, which turned back, and was also of white plush. A cap adorns the inside, and at the top, a little feather on the left, two little bits of curled white ostrich feather covering over the edge, very small, with two small pink rose-buds, half opening, one towards the inside, one towards the top.

Very little is thought of either bonnets or out-door coverings at the present season; still a few novelties are to be seen which we may take as slight indications of what will be worn during the spring. In out-door coverings the small circulars are likely to be fashionable. We have seen mantles descend to the feet; we may now see them cut short to the waist; these pelerines are very richly embroidered with silk or chenille; if they are edged with lace it lengthens them somewhat, but with chenille fringe they rarely pass the waist.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHRONICLES OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL FAMILY. By Two of Themselves. New York, 1864.

In a series of imaginary letters and journals, the reader is brought in contact with the social and inner life of the people of Germany during the times of Luther; and more especially into personal nearness to that great Reformer, from the period when as a poor student in Erfurt he sang from door to door for bread, until his memorable death at Eisleben, the place of his birth, in 1564. Passing beneath the stern, meagre forms of historical biography, these Chronicles introduce us to the man Luther at home and among those who loved, revered, and confided in him; and so tenderly and skillfully has the writer done his work, that he wins the reader on from page to page, with that sympathetic allurements which is irresistible. For artlessness, blended with the clear, shrewd instincts of a simple child, the opening portions of *Else's Story* has scarcely been surpassed. It is hardly possible to take up this volume without being allured to the final page.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A story told with much feeling, and considerable power. The volume gives no clue to the author, but we happen to know her as the wife of an officer in our Western army, who has done good service to the country, and distinguished himself in more than one important expedition. "*Ora*" lacks something in maturity of style, and in that art which conceals art; but this is compensated in a good measure by the charm of a simple earnestness in the narrative, and the pathos which often stirs the fountain of tears. This volume is full of the promise of high success when the fair author, who is still young, shall have gained the maturity of her powers. Quite a large edition has already been sold.

PLAIN LESSONS FROM THE HOLY WORD; in the form of Questions and Answers between Parent and Child. For use in the Family and the Sunday School. By the late Alexander Kimmont. A. M., Glendale, Ohio. Sold by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, and by F. E. Thurston, No. 2210, Brandywine street, Philadelphia.

The title of this little book gives a clear statement of its contents. The questions and answers are framed so as to impart a knowledge of the most important historical and narrative portions of the Old and New Testaments. Nothing strictly doctrinal, or with a denominational bias, is introduced; so that the child's mind is not perplexed and darkened by things dogmatical or ethical. Any parent or teacher who desires help in the work of leading the little ones under his care into a familiar acquaintance with the literal narratives

of the Holy Word, will find these "Plain Lessons" of great use.

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION. THE MILLENNIAL REPT; of the World as it will be. By Rev. John Cumming. Second Series. New York: Carleton.

Dr. Cumming has a large number of readers and admirers in this country. His style is forcible and eloquent, and he has great power with minds that see in the direction that he sees.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CORRESPONDENCE, &c., OF LYMAN BEECHER, D. D. Edited by Charles Beecher. With Illustrations. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We mean nothing in disparagement when we say, that a book just in the style and spirit of this could only come from the "Beecher family;" and whatever comes from one of that family has so many points of originality, independence, scorn of conventionalism, or social audacity, that we are interested per force. We have had time for only a glance through this first volume; but have seen enough to tempt to a more careful reading. Open the pages where we will, and we find attention chained.

CAMBRIDGE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Parts 65, 66, and 70. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Part 71 brings this valuable work down to the word "Magic." The numbers are produced in the same beautiful typography as in the beginning.

ADDRESS OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT at the Consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg 19th November, 1863, with the Dedicatory Speech of President Lincoln, and the other Exercises of the Occasion. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This neat pamphlet of eighty-eight pages is published for the benefit of the Gettysburg Cemetery Monument Fund. The address of Mr. Everett is one of his best oratorical efforts, and well worthy of preservation.

THE BOOK OF DAYS: A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar, including Anecdotes, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and oddities of Human Life and Character. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This unique and highly interesting work is drawing to a close. We have Parts XIX, XX, XXI, and XXII, which brings down the Calendar to November 13th.

Carleton has just issued a very tasteful reprint of Pagon's *Tales from the Operas*. The book made a hit in London, a short time since, and will probably find a large audience in this country, where the love of all matters appertaining to music is not restricted to one class. It has reached us too late for special notice.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

HOME.

How many children there are who never enter by sympathy or experience into the large "roominess," as some writer quaintly has it, of this word. I suppose that is one reason among many others why we meet in the world so many dreary, troubled, unhappy faces—faces out of which the soul looks, saying, "I have lost something, and I have gone searching for it all my life!"

I am not one to apotheosize childhood. I do not think it that long gala-day of carelessness and mirth and pleasure-taking, which memory is very apt to make of the past, as the sailor boy's dream did—

"Revealing every rose, but secreting its thorn."

Childhood has its hard conditions, its limitations, its restraints, for the happiest boy or girlhood that ever took root and blossomed in the warm, perfumy hours of a home as sweet as the dear old song which embalms it. And in a large sense it is the mother makes the home. I know what tributaries the father brings to it of strength and protection, of wisdom and care. But after all, the wife who sits at his table, the mother at his hearth, is the great spring of all the comfort and joy and love of the household. *She* is its ruling force; *she* imparts to the family its prevailing moral and social tone; *she* is the sun or the shade in which the young lives of the future men and women who are her children now, spread their branches on every side, "touching the morning and the evening!"

All this is dreadfully old and common-place, I know. But it is the old common-place things after all which are of the most vital consequence to us, and which are the hardest to learn, and we are the slowest to take into our souls and have them become a part of ourselves.

It is a terrible thing for the first years of one's life not to unfold themselves in the warmth and light of a "cheerful home." I think the chill, and gloom, and depression of a shadowy, murky, gloomy household, never quite drop off from one's soul after it comes to man or womanhood. It is true there are those happy, insusceptible natures who shake off lugubrious influences easily as ducks slip the water off their backs, but most children are reflective and absorbent, and it is certainly a blight and a curse to be born into the habitually dreary, fretful, fault-finding atmosphere of many a home.

I pity the little children who are born to an inheritance like this—children who always experience a sense of comfort, and relief, and freedom when they get out of the horizon of their homes—whose spirits rise and whose right of gladness asserts itself as soon as they are out of

the chilling, harassing influences of their own roofs! How the dull, strained, weary look will vanish! How the small feet will scamper, and the little round bright eyes will dance for joy, and the shout and the laugh will ring out, as they never dare to ring in the cheerless, restrained household.

"It is appalling," as Gail Hamilton says, "to look around the world and see the people who are its fathers and mothers."

How many of these latter keep a "company face" for their friends and neighbors—for all the world except their own children! These see the careworn, harassed, fretful, passionate side. On them, in a thousand ways, are heaped the petty mortifications, the narrow prejudices, the weak and silly and evil tempers which sour and darken the morning days of life. And so depressed, and harassed, and chilled, these young natures are defrauded of their birthright.

If you have a home, remember, oh reader, that you are in it an element of joy and gladness, of comfort and tranquillity, or one just the opposite of all these. No matter what are your relations in your own household, you help in some degree to make the sum total of its happiness or misery. Out of your own soul flows many a tributary spring whose waters must either sweeten or embitter the deep tides of the lives about you. Don't be a dead weight there, or a lowering cloud, or a dark shadow, or a fretful, rasping voice, or a vast, cold iceberg, or a worried, harassed face; but be a light, a perfume, a warmth, an inspiration, so that when you die you shall be a memory blessed and canonized.

Home! It is not your money, great and blessed an agency, as this rightly used may be, which shall make your home happy. You may fill it with every luxury—its walls may be flushed with living inspirations of grace and beauty, and all the treasures of wealth and taste may be heaped under its roof, but it may be a home of "splendid misery" after all. Blessed are those who have to carry all through life the memory of a happy, loving home! What wealth is theirs which no treasures can buy! Life may be stern and hard, and out of the years may fall the promise and the bloom, but they have only to unlock the gates and unbar the doors, and lo! they are in the enchanted lands and the goodly chambers of their youth. The dear faces are about them, the old joys, and loves, and delights! Over the long, shining roads of the past their feet go joyfully, the wind blows up the sweet odors from those early years, and is not the soul who can leave the world and walk into the secret places of such a childhood happy!

Blessed too are the parents who give to their children a memory which yields daily such priceless dividends of comfort and pleasure!

We none of us reach the shining goals of our youth—we must all mourn our thwarted dreams, our defeated purposes, our blasted hopes. But amid all these the memory of a cheerful, happy, Christian home, will keep the heart young and the hope steadfast. Its lamp will burn over all the years, and light the rugged and dangerous passes; and it shall stand for a witness of the better, larger Home that shall be by and by, when the noise, and the tumult, and the sound of strife shall be over forever.

Dear reader, wherever your home is, what are you helping to make it? V. F. T.

WOMEN'S WAGES.

We came on a paragraph recently in one of the "dailies," stating that amongst the political and social revolutions in Washington, women had come to be employed in various Departments, and the chief reason which was assigned for the innovation was, that they did their work better than men, and could be employed at a much lower price!

We wondered that any editor was not ashamed to write that paragraph. "Doing her work better than men, and at a much lower price!" There it is in the world over, the strong taking advantage of the weak.

We talk of the chivalry of this nineteenth century—of the new courtesy and deference which it pays to woman—of the new heights of honor and glory to which it has exalted her, and which in a large sense is certainly true; and yet here it is in the Capital of our country, which ought to concentrate in theory and practice whatsoever is just and liberal, broad and beneficent in the spirit of our age and institutions—here it is that a merit is made of getting work better done at greatly decreased wages, solely and absolutely because it is a woman who does it. Now we appeal to you, oh reader—is this just, or fair, or honorable?

Her expenses will in no wise be lessened in that city of inflated prices because she is a woman. Her board, her travelling fare, her wardrobe—all the little details which eat into and absorb a salary will not be less, and probably greater than that of her brother clerk. The chances are certainly in his favor in many of these minor expenses, and yet her wages are fixed at a much lower price than his.

There is a field in which men and women can be competitors. It is not perhaps a very wide one. We believe that in a very large sense their work is separate. Jean of Arc, the Countess of Mountfort, and Phillippa of Hainault, proved themselves on the field of battle and in the cabinet, the rivals in valor, and courage, and wisdom, of the illustrious knights of the heroic age in which they lived, and they shine down on us from the far heights of history, where they stand dauntless in the midst of the storm and fury of battle. But after all, such women are lonely, exceptional in-

stances—not theirs is the true place of the wives and daughters—the mothers and sisters of the world. By their own hearthstones, in the sacred places of their homes, shall they do their work—mightier and bolder than his who leads on vast armies to the fierce charge and the awful joy of victory.

But there are paths of good and faithful service where woman can walk abreast with man without sacrificing in any degree her womanliness. To these man will always bring greater physical strength and powers of endurance, and because of this, and because there is a probability that others may be more dependent upon him, although this is by no means certain to be the case, there is some show of reason for making his wages relatively greater than woman's, even when he does not do his work so well. But it is a shame and a meanness in such a case to allow a man a thousand dollars and a woman three or four hundred for equal tasks.

I honor and I pity the workers of my sex. Delicate women and girls, with their frail health and strong hearts, going out in the world to do their labor there, and for that very reason losing often social caste where they should receive double honor, and doing their work so well that men are compelled to praise it, and then congratulate themselves on its being done—so cheap! Heaven in its mercy help them, when they toil not only for themselves, but for loved and helpless ones—parents or children, brothers or sisters, dependent upon them!

Is there no man, with large heart and gifted brain, who perceives truly woman's position and her work, and the disabilities under which she labors—is there no such man to take up this subject and hold it with arguments that convince, and set strong, fiery words before the public, and by espousing thus the cause of the "widows and fatherless" of the land, becoming the champion of "Women's Wages?" V. F. T.

It is stated that out of sixty-seven royal and imperial queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery or sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest. The pillow of royalty is, indeed, filled with thorns. And though crowns may look very bright, they feel very cold, heavy, and hard.

PREMIUM PLATES.—If any who are entitled to premium plates have not received them, we hope they will give immediate notice. We have sought to be very careful in this matter, and think but few omissions have occurred. Should there be any, we will, on receiving word, promptly forward the plates.

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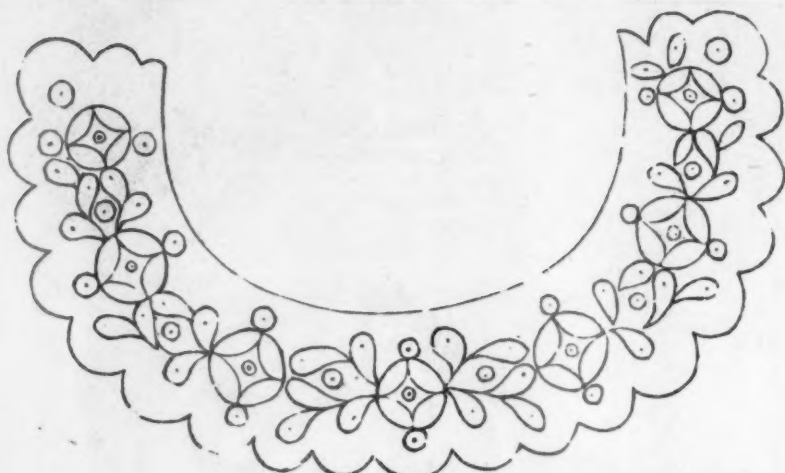


THE PET DONKEY.

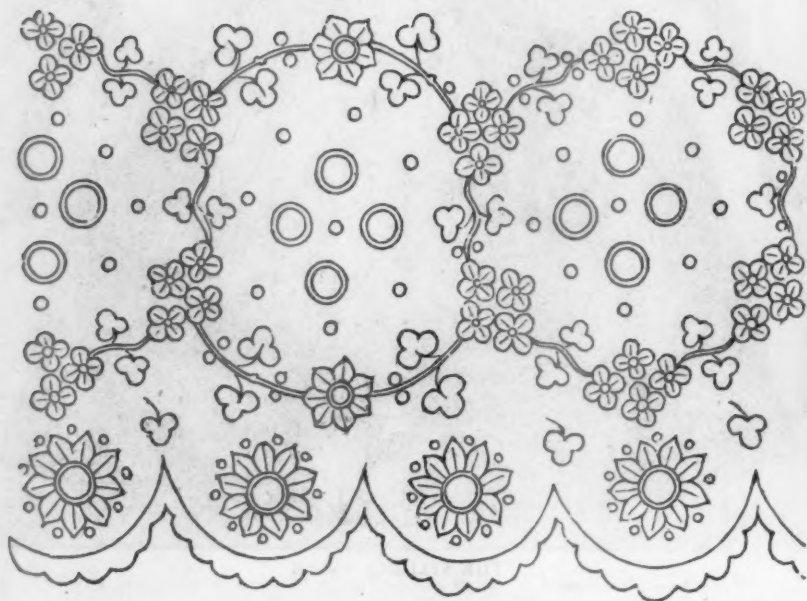


THE VILLAGE BELLE

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BROWN



COLLAR.



EMBROIDERY FOR UNDERSLEEVE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



APRON

Of black silk, trimmed with narrow ruffles of pinked black silk, and an insertion of black lace laid over white silk.



DRESS OF BROWN TAFFETAS.

The bosom of the Skirt is trimmed with a ruche of taffetas, surmounted with a ruche of black lace; at intervals are placed leaves, formed of a ruche of black lace, fastened in the centre by a double ruche of taffetas. The same ornaments are repeated upon the sleeves, the corsage, and on the sash with long end, tied behind.



ROBE DRESS.



INSERTION.



FANCY CORSAGE

Of same material of Skirt, or in black silk, lined with velvet.